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THE

WHITE KNIGHT,

OR THE

MONASTERY OF MORNE.

A ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By THEODORE MELVILLE, Esq.

"Round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then, too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted wretch." *Thomson.*

VOL. III.

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THE

WHITE KNIGHT.

CHAP. I.

"I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

Young.

On the hermit's return to the cell, he found Allan absent; it, however, created no alarm until the approach of night, when he began to be seriously uneasy. He sat at the entrance of the hut, and strained his eyes in every direction; nothing was to be seen but the mists of eve descending on the vale, or the goats that still lingered on the broken precipices;

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pices; his heart beat with expectation at every rustle of the breeze; and the waving of the mountain grass was not beheld without emotion.—But all in vain; no Allan returned to his impatient wishes: a night of restlessness succeeded:—"Unhappy youth!" he would sometimes exclaim, "perhaps he has fallen from some projecting cliff, and met with an untimely fate; or, perhaps, my foolish austerity in not permitting him to share my little labours, has alarmed his pride, and wounded his generous spirit, which would sooner brave all the perils of the world, than live an useless dependent on the exertions of aged industry.—Yes, it must be so, my folly has again exposed him to the world."

The

The morning now dawned, and the unhappy recluse issued out among the rocks; not, as usual, to provide for the wants of the day, but to seek for some vestige of the lamented youth; vain was the inquiry: and a gloomy day was again succeeded by a dreary night, which was to usher in a morn still more hopeless than the preceding one. And thus one day succeeded another, acquiring additional gloom and despondency, until all hope was lost; and the hermit found himself sinking beneath the weight of his disappointments.—So much had Allan engaged his affections in so short a time, and so much did a conviction rest upon his mind which he could not account for, that he was nearly interested in his fate.

About this time the arrival of the peasant, whom he had dispatched on a secret mission, occasioned fresh commotions in his breast; he brought intelligence, that having proceeded by the most direct way to the Castle of Glanville, he found all the country in the utmost confusion, expecting an invading army: and among the troops of Glanville, he at length discovered the aged Randal, who had taken arms in his feeble hands, to defend his lord from the power of his enemies.—He drew him aside from the camp, and asked him if he ever had a son called Allan?—"Did I follow my instructions, father?" said the peasant.—"Perfectly," replied the recluse; "but proceed."—The peasant resumed: "On mentioning the name of Allan, the old man shook every limb,

limb, the tears started in his eyes, and grasping my hand, he cried out, "O, do you know any thing of my boy, my beloved child?"

"*His child!* did he say?" exclaimed the hermit.

"Yes, father, and plaguely fond of him he seemed to be too; for when he recovered himself a little, he seized me by the collar, and swore that I should take him to his child.—'O!' said he, "if we had our brave fellow here, those troops would not long be idle, nor the enemy insult us as he does.' With that I swore a bundle of oaths, that I knew nothing at *all at all* about the matter; for that the man, (I ask your pardon, father!) that sent me to ask the ques-

tion, was older than himself; but faith all wouldn't do, so I was in a quandary; and they put me into a dark room, saying, I shouldn't see the light of the sun until I gave a better account of myself: and there they left me, until, faith, I wished with all my heart to be back again in the mountains; for, do you see, I thought it would be a burning sin to tell who sent me, because they said I knew some of his murderers; and, God knows, I was as innocent as the child unborn; so I thought they would say, you was a murderer, and do you harm. —I was kept there three or four days, and the old man examined me every day about his child; asking me if I saw him, and who sent me, and insisting that I should bring him to the man that sent me.—At last I promised to do it, and

and we were to set off the next morning; but that very night there was such a noise! I never will forget it all the days of my life; I'm sure I thought the castle would tumble about my ears: so I listened at the key-hole, and heard them cry out, The enemy is coming, to arms, to arms!—I heard the war-trumpet sound, and in a short time all was as silent as death. So I began to think that they all went away to the battle, and that it was a good opportunity for me to escape: so I began to work and to work until I loosened the door, and peeping out, *saw nobody there;* so away I stole, and never looked behind me 'till I got here."

Having thus told his story, the peasant departed, having first promised to

call the next day at the hermitage.—Whilst the recluse, once more left to his meditations, began to revolve all the circumstances in his mind, he dwelt particularly on Randal's so often calling the youth *his child*; which, if it proved to be the case, would render all his conjectures groundless: and still it might proceed from habit, and the endearments of being the protector of his infancy, that he used the term of child.—For, how could he reconcile all the mysterious circumstances of the knight in white armour, the persecutions of the monastery of Morne, and, above all, the striking resemblance of a friend never to be forgotten, with the uninteresting fate of a peasant boy?—It could not be; he would investigate the matter himself, that not a doubt should remain

of

of the truth or the fallacy of his conjectures. With this resolution he determined to await the arrival of the peasant next day, when he purposed to procure a change of apparel, and set out to visit old Randal, and satisfy all his doubts on the subject. If he found his hopes had deceived him, he would return to his cell, and forget the world; if, on the contrary, they were confirmed, he would never rest until he discovered the retreat of Allan, and rendered him acquainted with the sentiments he entertained respecting his birth, and his expectations.

Early the next morning, the peasant having visited the cell according to appointment, the recluse disclosed to him his intention of setting out for Glanville

Castle, and requested of him to provide a suit of garments similar to his own, as he could not travel with propriety in the habit of his order. He also, though not without difficulty, prevailed on him to accompany him; pledging that he would answer for his fafety, to which he moreover added some prospects of reward. The disguise was soon provided for the hermit, and they set out on their intended journey early on the ensuing day.

CHAP. II.

" Is this a guilty course, or is it whim?
Dark myst'ry seems personified in him." L.

It was late in the morning when Allan awoke from a sound repose much refreshed, and, casting his eyes around, beheld the tapers still burning; and concluding it was not yet day, was composing himself for another nap, when his strange host accosted him with a "good morrow!" and requested of him to arise and partake of some refreshment: Allan immediately complied, and thanked him for the invitation, at the same time observing that he would rather defer

eating any thing until day-light. The stranger smiled—"I perceive your mistake, my friend," said he, "but can assure you the day is far advanced; but day and night assume the same appearance in this cavern, which is impervious to external light, the want of which we are ever under the necessity of supplying by art."

Allan could not help entertaining some ideas to the prejudice of his host on hearing these words; and concluded that his life must indeed be a guilty one, who was under the perpetual necessity of shunning the enlivening light of day, and chearing converse of society: the manner in which he was treated, however, was not only polite, but humane; and, when he considered that to him

him he was indebted for the preservation of his life, gratitude overcame all other considerations; and he could only lament in silence, the lost situation of a man, who was apparently qualified for the discharge of the noblest duties of society.

They were now seated to a very elegant repast, and Allan could not but admire the neatness of every thing around him; but was restrained, by a delicacy natural to him, from asking any questions. The chief of the banditti, who watched his every look, perceived his eye pass from one object to another, and at the same time divined the cause of his silence, which he could not but admire.—At length, "My young friend," said he, "I perceive that the objects which

which surround you attract not a little of your attention, at the same time that you repress your desire of information, through the fear of giving offence: I wish, therefore, to relieve you from so painful a situation, and to assure you that you cannot propose any question which I shall not answer with the greatest pleasure, one only excepted, which is my real name and my connections."

Allan assured him that he should be sorry to touch on so delicate a subject; but really, the idea of such an apartment, so elegantly furnished with every necessary convenience, in the very bowels of the earth, where not a ray of light could enter, not a little surprised him, and was so novel and unexpected

pected that he almost fancied it was the work of magic.

The stranger smiled: "We are apt," said he, "to ascribe many things to supernatural causes, until, on investigation and explanation, we find them so extremely simple that we are surprised at our own blind and superstitious conceits. This cavern, which strikes you so forcibly, and which seems the work of fairy hands, was once a Pagan temple; and perhaps, in this spot where we now sit, the blood of a human victim has often been shed at the shrine of some idol; which the barbarism of the times, and the credulity of an ignorant race, had enrobed with some attribute of the Divine Power."

"It

"It must have been the idol that presided over darkness and silence," observed Allan; "for I cannot conceive any other personification that could be adapted to the place."

"I am not antiquarian good enough to satisfy you as to the particular deity that was worshipped here; but I understand that there is some very curious work concealed behind the arras which lines the cavern, and that every bit of the stone is wrought with the most exquisite art: however, I found it just as you see it, with very little difference; for I am not the first that adopted this as his retreat.—But my story is long—suffice it to say, that I was not originally driven by guilt to this recess; I have rather chosen it to avoid the guilty."

This

This last part of his speech not a little surprised Allan; how could he reconcile such words with such appearances? he could not so soon forget the events of the preceding night, the cry of conscious guilt which was uttered on first perceiving him, of "A spy! we are betrayed!" together with the narrow escape from assassination which he experienced from the sanguinary-looking band which surrounded him. All these recurred to his recollection; and yet he heard the chief of this gang declare, that he had chosen that retreat to avoid the guilty!—Allan now became shocked at his impudence; "Simple, indeed, he must suppose me," (said he to himself,) "if he imagines I can believe his bare assertion, in preference to the testimony of my own senses." He now began to think him a most dangerous

gerous man, who was endeavouring to lull him to a blind security, for the purpose, no doubt, of forwarding some plan he had in agitation; and, though he avoided any appearance of uneasiness, yet he secretly resolved to effect his escape as soon as possible, and regain his asylum among the rocks, where he had not a doubt but the good hermit was grieved and alarmed at his sudden disappearance. Such were his thoughts, when the stranger, observing him silent, after a pause proceeded—

"Perhaps," said he, "you will find it difficult to reconcile my words and my appearance; yet I have spoken literally the truth. I have been obliged to fly from the roof of tyranny, from an act of blood! I was, like yourself, a wanderer

on

on this shore, surprised by this banditti, and taken;—their chief was then dangerously ill of a wound which he received in one of his midnight expeditions: I was brought before him, and having ordered his attendants to retire, he requested of me to relate the story of my life: I complied, and he was convinced, on hearing of some particulars, with the nature of which he was well acquainted, that I could not do better than adopt this cavern as my asylum.—"I am dying," said he, "and easily perceive that you will not long survive me: those whom you have offended are most powerful, as well as most implacable; they have their agents every where: only one way of escape remains for you; adopt this mode of life, it is not so criminal as you imagine: those fellows whom

whom you have seen attend me, are brave and faithful; I will get them to acknowledge you their chief: you may depend on them, — but beware of a priest."

Allan started:—"And did your misfortunes originate in the persecution of priests?—Oh! I have suffered much from them."

"I cannot at present," replied the captain of the banditti, "clearly relate to you the whole of my history; I only wish to make you acquainted with the manner in which I became devoted to this kind of life: the time will come when you shall know further particulars."—He then resumed his discourse.

"The

"The dying chief having prevailed on me to acquiesce, representing it as the only mode of self-preservation, the banditti were called in, and their leader, taking an affecting leave of them, introduced me to them as their future chief. Accustomed implicitly to obey his orders, they immediately pledged their faith to me in the most solemn manner; and I in return pledged mine to them. In a few hours after the performance of this covenant, the old chief expired; and by those sudden transitions to which the sons of men are subject, I found myself, in a very short time, translated from an inmate of a monastery, to the command of a band of robbers."

"What monastery?" said Allan.

"The

"The monastery of Morne," replied the chief.

Allan shuddered.

"I perceive your emotions, and am not so ignorant of the cause of them as you may imagine; I have yet a sort of communication with that den of crimes; but the day of vengeance will arrive, and you shall witness it. When a proper period arrives for communicating to you the whole of my story, perhaps you will find yourself more interested in it than you imagine; but at present I must be silent. I have mentioned those circumstances with the intent of assuring you, that you have not fallen into the hands of a man so abandoned as his situation may bespeak him; and hope to inspire

inspire you with sufficient confidence to adopt this home, until you can be provided with a better."

Allan thanked him for the solicitude he manifested respecting him, and assured him his breast was a stranger to fear; and that he would as usual depend upon that protecting Providence, which had conducted him with safety through so many dangers.

"The issue shall justify your confidence," said the stranger: "Meantime, my absence for a short time is absolutely necessary, to prevent a horrid crime; in the interval, you shall command here. I shall leave you to the care of attendants who will wait on you with respect, will obey your orders, and anticipate your

your wants.—"But," added he, "on your peril attempt not to depart this cavern; if you do, inevitable destruction will attend you."

Allan promised he would not.

"Your word is sufficient," replied the stranger. "I should be grieved, indeed, to find that *you* could violate your word, when solemnly pledged.—But," said he, arising, "I am trifling with precious moments; I have a considerable distance to go before night, and the day is now on its decline: Farewell, my friend! permit a robber to call you by that name; when you know him better, you will not condemn the motives which compelled him to be a robber." Having uttered these last words with particular emphasis,

sis, he darted from the cavern before Allan had time to reply; uttering, as he departed, in a solemn voice, "Remember!"

Allan, now left to himself, began to revolve in his mind the strange and various incidents of his life: but of all, this last adventure seemed the most mysterious. He was, indeed, not a little surprised when the hermit dropt some ambiguous expressions respecting him, and seemed so much interested in his story; but the chief of the banditti expressed himself in so very unaccountable a manner, that he knew not what to conjecture on the subject. How was it possible, that beings with whom he was totally unconnected, and to whom chance alone had introduced him, should thus express

such an interest in his concerns; and address him in terms which, though mysterious, implied some knowledge of his affairs?—The hermit, indeed, might be influenced by the relation of his sad tale,—but the captain of the robbers had never heard his story, and yet hinted as much as if he was perfectly acquainted with it; it was all a mystery, which time only could elucidate, and he resolved patiently to await the result.

He next turned his attention to the construction of the cavern, which seemed a perfect octagon: the walls, which he was convinced were laboured by art, were covered with dark arras, and he did not perceive that humidity which is generally found in subterraneous apartments: this he knew not how to account

for; but was, no doubt, owing either to some natural quality of the rock, or to some peculiar art in its construction. From the furniture and ornaments of the apartment in which he was lodged, he concluded that the former proprietor of this recess must have saved them from the wreck of his own fortune, or plundered them from others of the first rank; as they were of the best materials, and finished in the highest style of art. He now wished to explore the other apartments which branched from this main one, and where he, of course, must suppose the banditti and plunder were usually disposed of. However, delicacy forbid him to indulge his inclination; he knew not the consequences; they may be of too serious a nature to be purchased by an idle gratification. While he was

thus remarking on the abode which chance had given, a young lad, dressed in a neat manner, entered, and respectfully desired to receive his orders. Allan was somewhat surprised to see a person so different in his appearance from those ill-looking wretches which he saw on the night of his introduction to their acquaintance: he was pleased with the circumstance, as he expected to derive some intelligence from it, which he could not otherwise obtain: there was also something in the appearance of the youth, which inspired confidence, and he wondered how he became connected with the gang. At present, he knew it would be impolitic to excite suspicions by hasty interrogatories; he, therefore, carelessly asked the boy his name?—"Jerome," answered the youth, with a bow.—

bow.—"How goes the day, Jerome?" "It is almost expired, sir; night comes on apace: Pray shall I serve up some refreshments?" "With all my heart," said Allan, "and then I shall retire to rest."

A cold repast was immediately served up; the calls of appetite were soon answered. The remnants being removed, and the lamps new trimed, Allan, directing the youth to call him early next morning, dismissed him for the night, and retired to repose.

CHAP. III.

Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror if you can.
Rowe.

Welcome, my worthy friend; my soul has pin'd
And mourn'd in secret for the want of thee.
Tracy.

Not more refreshing are the dews of heaven
To Araby's dry desart, than to me
Thy sight and wish'd return. *Mallet.*

It was midnight, and all was hushed, save the rude blast that moaned along the lonely galleries, or the owl that moped among the battlements of the castle, when Connel, true to his murderous promise, stole with the cautious steps of guilt to the chamber of his lord; he made the appointed signal, and was immediately admitted.

"Connel,"

"Connel," said the gloomy chief, "I am ready; I have been revolving this business in my mind, and the more I think upon the subject, the more am I convinced of the necessity of this deed.—If this boy escapes he will raise the country in arms against me, and, what is still worse, perhaps contrive the means of depriving me of the object of my ambition and my love; it is therefore a matter of prudence to dispatch him."

"It would be madness to omit it, my lord," replied Connel; "our safety depends upon the measure."

"Besides," added Gerald, "I must take the field immediately to support my engagements with Desmond; other-

wise my conduct would appear suspicious; and though at first I had thoughts of leaving our prisoners as they are until my return, yet, when I consider the uncertainty of all human events, I think it more prudent to secure the advantage in my power, than commit a possibility of their escape to chance, or my own blind security: besides, this boy is so hateful to me that I cannot be at peace while he exists."

"Then follow me, my lord," said Connel, seizing the lamp with one hand, and drawing his dagger with the other; "when a matter is once resolved upon, speedy execution should follow."

"Lead on," said Gerald, "I follow—."

They

They now descended the winding staircase, they traversed the lonely gallery, while Connel still led the way, and Gerald followed with irresolute steps. The silence of the night, interrupted only by the murmuring wind; the darkness which reigned around, save where their lantern cast its feeble light; and, above all, the *horrible intent* with which his mind was charged, rendered the scene truly apalling to Gerald, as he entered the spacious hall of the castle.—The armour which adorned the walls in many a form, now caught the intrusive light, and shed a dismal gleamy ray around the solitary space. The marble pavement returned a hollow sound to their gentle steps, as slowly they traversed its extensive range; and now they had nearly reached its furthest

bound, and were turning an avenue which led to that wing of the castle where the descent to the subterraneous dungeons commenced, when a sudden crash of armour, with a noise resembling thunder, arrested their steps and their attention.—Gerald trembled, and even the crime-accustomed Connel was dismayed; the dagger and the lamp both fell from his hands, and the latter being extinguished, left them in total darkness."

"What means that horrid noise?" said Gerald, recovering his suspended speech.

"I know not, indeed, my lord," said the trembling Connel, "but never did terror so benumb my heart before—we are in darkness, let us return."

"It

"It will be difficult to find our way in the dark," said Gerald.

"*You shall have light,*" replied a hollow voice; at the same instant, a skeleton's hand, with a lighted torch, issued from the side of the hall, in the midst of a set of arms, which were arranged in the form of a coiled serpent.

"This cannot be delusion," said Gerald, as he sunk horror-struck against one of the pillars which supported the lofty dome; "let us fly, Connel."

Connel was motionless with terror, and gazed wildly at the taper and the hand; but a clanking noise and approaching steps drew off their attention to an object still more horrific, as they be-

held a figure in white armour advance with solemn step towards them; it stopped at a few paces distant, and seemed to observe them with fixed attention; then walking round the trembling chieftain three times, with slow and solemn steps, a bell was heard to toll; he raised his beaver up, and displaying the head of a skeleton, the following words were heard from his bare lips, in hollow and impressive sounds; while the wretched sons of guilt sunk to the ground overwhelmed with horror and dismay.

Perfidious wretch, thy knell is rung;
Prepare—prepare—
Spirits of wrath thy dirge have sung,
Prepare—

For fiends of vengeance claim their prey,
The fun'ral torch shall light thy way,
And hell with busy rumour hums,
The prince of crimes—the murd'rer comes!

It was some considerable time before Connel recovered from a state of insensibility; he was afraid to open his eyes lest they should again encounter the dreadful object; and the horrific song of vengeance was still vibrating on his ear.—At length he ventured to steal a glance; darkness reigned around, and a silence, only interrupted by the solitary blast, that rustled among the tattered banners, and now mouldering 'scutcheons, proud trophies of former days, that were suspended in the lofty hall. He next called on his wretched lord, but received no answer; here a dreadful thought rushed upon his mind—perhaps that spirit of vengeance had borne him away: he shuddered at the terrific idea, and crept forward towards the pillar, against which his master had leant, to satisfy his

his doubts; at its base he found the prostrate Gerald, not only in a state of insensibility, but apparently deprived of all manner of animation. He shook him, attempted to raise, and called him to no purpose; every effort to recal him to life proved vain; and Connel was apprehensive, that if he alarmed the domestics, and was found in such a situation at so unseasonable an hour, that any defence he could make would be treated as an idle fable, and that he would be accused with the murder of his lord, (for as dead he now certainly considered him;) and even should he speak the truth, and gain the belief of his auditors, yet his tale would be the tale of guilt, and murder, though not the deed of that night, was the intent. He was thus meditating, and forming some

some plan of conduct, when a convulsive sigh from the breast of Gerald recalled a spark of hope to his bosom; he instantly applied himself with increased assiduity to sooth and recal his master to his senses; and at length in some measure succeeded, as Gerald uttered some sounds, which, though incoherent, and impressed with terror, gave hopes of his recovery. Connel availed himself of the circumstance, and running along the hall, in danger of breaking his neck in the dark, he seized the alarm bell, and rung with all his might, (for every castle was furnished with a bell of this description, for the purpose of assembling the domestics on any sudden emergency;) in an instant tapers were seen flying in every direction, and the hall was crouded with the servants,

alarmed

alarmed at a summons so unusual. But what was their astonishment on perceiving their lord senseless on the ground, and Connel, with haggard looks, hanging over him? Their inquiries were immediately very numerous; but Connel ordered them to be silent, and retire, leaving only sufficient to convey their master to his chamber; promising, at the same time, to satisfy their curiosity in the morning: they obeyed, forming various conjectures not to the advantage of their lord, nor his gloomy confidant, and Gerald was carried to his chamber.

Mean time as the son of Glanville was stretched in his dismal dungeon, unconscious of the dangers from which he was just released, by the interposition of a Providence which never forsakes

forsakes the virtuous, and meditating with pensive pleasure, and sometimes embittered recollection, on the scenes of his youth, Turloch was snoring profoundly at a little distance, and darkness reigned around with its deepest glooms; a sudden noise for a moment interrupted the solitary stillness, and to his infinite surprise he perceived a gleam of light dart athwart the dungeon; he could not conjecture from whence it proceeded, and gently awoke his servant to observe so strange a phenomenon. In a little time they heard a subterraneous noise, which made the heir of Glanville exclaim, "Is it possible there can be any chambers beneath this dungeon? I thought we were immured in the very centre of the earth, and yet, perhaps, there are some more wretched victims of treacherous tyranny, at a still greater distance

distance from the cheerful light of the sun."

"By the mass, my lord," said Turloch, "I begin to think we have got into that confounded place called limbo, out of which, as a holy father told me, we could never come until we were purged of all our sins; and by the vestment of St. Patrick, I think it would be only fair play to give us now a discharge in full; for here have been as many toads and frogs, and rats playing hide and go seek on my wretched carcase, as would be sufficient to purge any unfortunate soul for his own and the sins of his forefathers put together."

"Cease your idle nonsense," said Carbery;

Carbery; "heard you not that noise again? it was the clash of armour."

"Faith, my lord," said Turloch, "I fancy I did; and yet I am afraid to mention what I think: perhaps it is the White Knight that is taking his rounds, for they say he pays a visit to all the old castles in the country.—You have heard of the White Knight, my lord?"

"I have heard a vast deal of nonsense in my time," said Carbery; "but I could wish, with all my heart, that some knight, be his armour white or black, would release us from this dungeon.—But, silence, don't you hear it more distinctly?"

Turloch

Turloch began to cross himself most vehemently, trembling at the idea of his master's wishing a black knight to relieve them, which he construed into an invocation of the *devil;* and as the unusual noise increased, he had not a doubt of presently seeing a huge pair of horns, a swinging tail, and a cloven foot: And the son of Glanville himself, notwithstanding all that natural fortitude which was inherent in him, was not a little disturbed when he saw a figure in white armour rise from a concealed trap-door, and beckon him to follow.—At first he stood irresolute, but, soon collecting his scattered senses, he determined to obey; and being unwilling to forsake his terrified companion, who was motionless with horror, he was under a necessity of dragging him

him to the trap-door, from whence a strong light issued; he now descended a flight of steps which led to a spacious alley, where he could distinctly see the blaze of a torch, and the figure in white preceding him; here he got his inanimate servant on his back, and followed through various windings, until he found, by a current of fresh air, that he was near some aperture which communicated with the land of the living; and a few more turns brought him to the open plain on the green bank of a river.—He fancied he knew the spot; he looked round, and expected to see the towers of Desmond Castle, where he thought he had been immured; but what was his astonishment, when he perceived by the grey light of morn, which began to dawn, that he was at the

the base of that hill which was crowned with the gloomy ramparts of the Castle of Dromore, and in sight of the monastery of Morne. Strange as it appeared, he had now no doubt respecting the author of his persecutions, though he considered Gerald in a secondary point of view, as the instrument of Desmond's resentment; yet he was resolved to seek his father's castle immediately, and call for vengeance on the chieftain of Dromore.—Turloch was now somewhat recovered, and on finding himself once more restored to the fresh air of heaven, could scarcely give credit to his senses, and began to think he had awoke in that country "from whose bourne no traveller returns;" but the voice of his master impressed him with the reality of the scene, and a string of *aves* and *paters*,

ters, with an invocation of all the saints, were poured forth as the offerings of his gratitude. Carbery with difficulty now prevailed on him to move, and with hasty steps they urged their course along the solitary banks of the Clydah, often reverting a look of distrust on the towers of Dromore, and of horror on that cavern from whose mouth their mysterious deliverer had vanished in so incomprehensible a manner. The course they pursued was towards the west, and, in a short time, the well known summit of the venerable mount Hillary burst on their delighted view; the early sun beams had not yet chased the grey mists of the morn from its rugged cheek, nor had the smoke of its hamlets, ascending towards the ethereal vault, proclaimed the rising of their industrious inhabitants; a solemn stillness reigned

reigned over the sober scene, and the breast of the son of Glanville was warmed and revisited by sensations and hopes which he had almost resigned for ever; already did he pourtray, in his imagination, the figure and the joy of a fond and venerable parent; already did he hear the honest effusions of sincere congratulations from the lips of an adoring vassalage; the warm and endearing welcomes of a beloved sister were all anticipated by a fond expectation—when, lo! as they were winding through the deep covert of a wood, they were attacked by an armed party, seized, and made blindfold, before they could recover from the first emotions of surprise. Carbery had not a doubt of their flight being discovered, and thus intercepted, that they should be reconducted to that dungeon from whence

whence they had just escaped; he was, however, bound and blindfold; he was likewise unarmed, and passive obedience alone remained for him; he therefore suffered himself to be conducted whither they pleased, nor once offered remonstrance nor resistance. He soon found by the strength of the breeze, that they had again reached the open plain, and felt himself raised into some sort of vehicle, in which being seated, he soon recognized the voice of his unfortunate domestic, complaining in the most piteous terms of his hard fate. Carbery was as humane as he was brave, for feeling and fortitude are generally united; he therefore encouraged poor Turloch with hopes of a more favourable turn of fortune, at the same time recommending a submission and resignation to the will of that Divine

Being, whose ways are impenetrable, and whose protecting Providence never abandons the innocent. His arguments had the desired effect, and a silence was observed by all parties, while the vehicle rolled on with amazing rapidity, and nothing could be heard but the rumbling of the wheels, and the oft repeated lashes of the driver's whip.

They had advanced at this rate for a much more considerable space of time than seemed sufficient to reconduct them to their dungeon, and Carbery began to hope that some other destination was decreed for them; as nothing, he imagined, could be more dreadful than that from which they had but just escaped; and his hopes acquired strength, as the time of their travelling with such velocity advanced,

advanced, until at length the vehicle stood still, and he was ordered to alight.

One step brought him to the ground, (so low was the construction of the vehicle,) and having been led, still blindfold, over a rough pavement, about the distance of two hundred paces, the cloth was taken from his eyes, and he found himself in a cavern, or rocky passage, surrounded by armed men, whose appearance was badly calculated to inspire confidence or affection. Having advanced a considerable time, the whole party at length halted, and one of the gang blowing a horn three several times, with different notes, the sound of approaching steps were soon heard, and the blaze of torches soon burst upon their view. In a short time he found himself

introduced into an apartment, fitted out with no small degree of taste, and which, when he considered that it was subterraneous, perfectly astonished him.

Immediately on his introduction, the ill-looking fellows that attended him withdrew, and in a little time, a person of graceful deportment entered, and without further preface, thus accosted him:—"Sir, it seems I am indebted to accident for the pleasure of your company here; my servants being on a secret expedition, in consequence of my orders, were, I understand, sheltering themselves in a wood, when you, perhaps innocently, intruded on them; and as our society is not sanctioned by law, they were alarmed for their safety, and determined to conduct you hither; but, as I have

have no doubt of your innocence, and that you meant us no harm, be assured of my protection, and of every attention in my power, as long as it shall be necessary to detain you."

Carbery replied, "Sir, to whatever cause I may owe my introduction here, be assured, that so far from meaning any harm was I, that I knew not even of your existence; I was flying from the fetters of oppression, from the dungeon of despair, to regain my liberty and friends; but I find some cruel destiny pursues me, I am still a prisoner!"

"The difference of treatment which you will experience here, shall convince you, that you have not fallen into pitiless hands, suspicious as the circumstances

under which you was conducted here must appear to you: yet, trust me, this has been more than once the asylum of the unfortunate, and this arm the avenger of the oppressed."

"Then why not restore me to immediate liberty?" (replied the son of O'Calaghan;) "you say that you are satisfied as to my innocence, then why detain me here? I have connections to which my soul is riveted by the most endearing ties: let your actions correspond with your words; restore me to liberty and my friends."

"My own safety depends on my precaution," replied the stranger: "Was I too soon to dismiss you, the banditti over which I preside would accuse me of

of imprudence in exposing them to the danger of a discovery; but, by detaining you for some time, I shall allay their apprehensions, and convince them of the propriety of your dismission."

Carbery was compelled to acquiesce, and secretly congratulated himself on the change of his condition, which was evidently for the better; but could not reconcile the words of the mysterious stranger with his appearance, in so strange a character as the leader of a banditti; the manner of his being conducted there appearing accidental, set him at ease in that respect.

After a pause, the stranger resumed: "You say, you have escaped from the dungeon of despair; and I think, (added

he, with a smile,) despair must have been a sorry housekeeper; so, if you can for a short time reconcile yourself to the retreat and table of *a robber*, I shall endeavour to make amends for your privation of liberty."

He then hastily called his attendants, and ordered some refreshments. In an instant, an excellent repast was served up, and Turloch being recommended to the care of the banditti, his master and the mysterious stranger sat down to table: but the latter, as if suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed, "I had nearly forgot a young wanderer, whom chance conducted hither; he will prove an entertaining companion for you, (then beckoning to one of his attendants,) Go, call him."

Carbery

Carbery looked up with expectation.

His approaching steps were soon heard:—he entered, and in an instant, the heir of Glanville, overwhelmed with surprise and joy, was clasped in the arms of his esteemed, his long-lost Allan, who, equally surprised and affected, sunk on a sofa, still supporting his friend.

CHAP. IV.

" As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs;
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight."

Young.

It was some time before Allan or his friend recovered sufficient composure to talk rationally, their joy was so tumultuous, and their surprise so extreme. Questions and inquiries almost innumerable were proposed on each side, to which the eagerness of both prevented answers. At length the stranger, who witnessed the interview with emotions he could not conceal, interposed; and said, "Gentlemen, it is not without a pleasure which I cannot express, that I find

I find myself so fortunate as to be the means of restoring to each of you a friend who seems so worthy of the other." "But," said he to Carbery, "as you must be much in need of refreshment, I would recommend it to you to postpone, for a little time, your inquiries, as you will have sufficient leisure to satisfy your curiosity, by relating, each in proper time, his adventures since you parted; and if you repose sufficient confidence in me, the narrative of each would, I am confident, afford me no inconsiderable degree of pleasure."

"Confidence in you!"—exclaimed Allan; "the treatment I have experienced at your hands, claims not only confidence, but gratitude, obedience, and affection."

The stranger looked upon him with tenderness, and sighed heavily:—"I must confess," said he, "that I am most unaccountably interested in your fate, and shall not consider myself entirely lost to society if I can contribute to your happiness, by restoring you to your connections, or advancing your interests: I have already perceived, (he added, addressing himself to Allan,) that my conduct and expressions, together with the character in which you see me, have created doubts, and given rise to inquiries and conjectures in your mind; you shall not long remain unsatisfied; a period draws near when I shall be at liberty to entertain you in my turn with a narrative that will surprise you.—But I perceive the board is loaded to no purpose; let us partake of its offerings, and retire

retire to repose, for the silent regent of the night displays her placid countenance in the Heavens, and weary Nature requires a relaxation from fatigue.—To-morrow shall not be an idle day."

Carbery, whose heart was more at ease in the presence of his friend, now chearfully partook of the banquet which was provided, and, in due time, the whole party were retiring to repose, when they were interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Turloch, who bore evident marks of having made too free with the bottle; and who was determined to see his master, and receive his orders, before he could be prevailed upon to enjoy the refreshment of sleep. On entering, the first that met his eyes was Allan, who had just then risen from the table, and

Turloch,

Turloch, who long since considered him as dead, fell back with horror and surprise, imagining it to be a spectre; then muttering a prayer, he fell upon his knees, and exclaimed, "O dear, good Mr. Ghost, don't, oh do-n't hurt me,—I ne ne-ver in-jured you in my-my li-life, indeed I did not." Allan fell into a fit of laughter, and giving him a hearty slap on the back, convinced him beyond a doubt that he was flesh and blood:—"What, my old acquaintance Turloch," said he, "am I so altered that you mistake me for a ghost?"

"Blessings on your sweet face, is it indeed your own self that I see?" said Turloch; "Oh, how rejoiced our good old Randal will be to see you; i'faith the

the whole country will reel with joy :— blessings on your heart! I say."

Allan could not but feel gratified at those artless proofs of attachment, and recommending the rustic to repose, that sleep may dispel the effects of his potations, he told him, that he hoped soon to requite him for his affectionate zeal. Turloch withdrew, bowing and staggering as he departed; while our friends, at the request of their host, separated for the night, and retired to repose.

The tapers were still burning in those chambers of the earth, when the captain of the band entered, and aroused his slumbering guests. "Arise," said he, "the thirsty sun has already drank up the

the dewy beverage of the morning, while the cheerless gloom of this cavern deceives you."

The young adventurers arose, warm congratulations were again renewed, and secret acknowledgments offered in the bosom of each to that divine and eternal Power, who shed so sudden and unexpected a ray of hope upon their fortunes.

Allan now wished to be made acquainted with the affairs of his friend since he left the Castle of Glanville, and particularly wished to know by what singular accident he was conducted to this cavern. He also ventured with diffidence to inquire for the lovely Ella, and the interesting embarrassment of his inquiries bespoke too forcibly those sentiments he was so solicitous to conceal.

Carbery indulged him with a full relation of every event which occurred:—his resignation with Elinor, his seizure, his imprisonment, and his wonderful escape from the Castle of Dromore.

Allan was variously affected at different periods of the narrative; and relating his own adventures in his turn, the circumstance of the figure in white armour, which seemed a supernatural agent for the preservation of both, impressed them with sentiments of awe, gratitude, and astonishment; but how to account for so strange an interposition, or for the persecutions of the monastery of Morne, or the Castle of Dromore, was a task which each found himself incompetent to perform; while the captain of the banditti sat rapt in meditation, seemingly

seemingly inattentive to their observations; at length, suddenly starting, he exclaimed:

"My young guests, there is something not only romantic, but marvellous in your adventures; there seems to me to be some secret cause for your persecution, which time, and that Providence which so visibly protects you, will undoubtedly elucidate. Perhaps that period is at hand; you must not linger here, you are young and active; permit me to offer my humble services: perhaps when I am at liberty to withdraw a veil which also clouds my character, you may not find me altogether unworthy of your confidence."

The heir of Glanville and his friend were

were warm in their expressions of gratitude, and assured him, that even the place where they found him, and the company which surrounded him, were insufficient to impress their minds with ideas to his disadvantage.

The stranger bowed, then added, addressing himself to Allan: "In the course of your narrative you mentioned an hermitage among some of the neighbouring rocks; do you imagine that you could again retrace your way thither?"

Allan answered in the affirmative, but observed, that he could not feel himself justified in disclosing the retreat of the venerable recluse to any person, as it was very probable his motives for retirement and concealment were

were of a cogent nature; and his intruding with strangers would be looked upon as a breach of that hospitality which he so liberally experienced.

Their host acknowledged the justice of those sentiments, which he also admired; and every act and word of his young guest tended to raise him still higher in his esteem, and to interest him more warmly in his fate.

At length it was determined that Allan should again explore those romantic ridges, and visit (unattended) the hospitable cell of his venerable friend. The captain of the band parted with him for a short time with less reluctance, as in the person of Carbery he held a hostage, which he was confident would

would secure an immediate return. He was also desirous of knowing something of a man, who, as appeared from Allan's tale, took such an interest in his fate, and seemed so much struck at the first sight of him; and he counselled his young friend to obtain, if possible, an explanation of those hints which the recluse let fall in the course of their former conversations.

With these instructions our young wanderer departed from the cavern, and retracing his former route along the shore, soon began to ascend the stupendous cliffs, leaving his friend and his host with anxious emotions to await his return.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

" —— Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy ——" *Shaks.*

All was horror and confusion at the Castle of Dromore; the events of the preceding night occupied the attention, and increased the terrors of all the domestics of that gloomy mansion. Gerald was raving in his bed of the "murdered, and the murderous deed," while his servants shrunk at every agonizing groan; and each convulsive start denoted the dreadful workings of an accusing conscience.

Suspicion

Suspicion sat on every brow, and mysterious whispers crept through each rank and chamber of the dreary pile.—The history of the family was recorded by the tongue of age, while youth appalled hung with trembling attention to each gloomy comment, and each crime denoting conjecture.—The death of the late chieftain, and of his infant child, was revived in every mind with surmises not advantageous to the present possessor; even Connel, the crime-accustomed Connel, had his sullen brows overhung with a darker expression of thought, which he in vain attempted to shake off while endeavouring to account for the transactions of the preceding night, which he stated to be as follows:

That, of late, his lord was accustomed to

to a strange habit of walking in his sleep; that he even got up, with all the appearance of a person absolutely awake, dressed himself, and walked down to the hall.—"Fortunately," added Connel, "I happened to be up later than usual, and observed him; I followed until he struck against one of the pillars, and awoke: the horror of finding himself in darkness, in such a place, and at such an hour, had a strange effect upon his mind; he fell senseless to the ground, and all my efforts were vain to recal him to reason—I was therefore obliged to ring the alarm bell for assistance; and this is the simple cause of all this consternation which your silly fears and superstition have occasioned."

Having thus spoke, he turned from the

the gaping domestics with a look of apparent contempt, congratulating himself at the same time, in having given, as he imagined, a complexion to this affair, calculated to allay their fears, and silence their suspicions.

The domestics, however, were by no means satisfied at the explanation which he gave; they thought it rather strange that their lord should on a sudden become subject to a habit, which generally commences in youth, and grows up with manhood; besides, his present state of mind and health, together with expressions which denote the horrors of an accusing spirit, convinced them that Connel's story was made up to divert their minds from an inquiry into the

real cause of that nocturnal visit, and the consequences that attended it.

As soon as Connel had got rid of the crowd, and of their importunities, he withdrew by a private passage, and reached the dungeon, carrying as usual their wretched portion of subsistence for his prisoners: but on entering that scene of horror, and of crimes, and perceiving by the light of his taper that it was empty, he was seized with terror and astonishment; the events of the last night crouded on his mind, and he fled panic-struck.—On regaining the light of the sun, his mind was so abstracted, that he entered the servants hall without perceiving that he carried a lighted taper in his hand in broad day light: this circumstance, together with his

his pallid countenance, and agitated appearance, gave birth to new surmises, and confirmed every suspicion that "all was not right," that "some foul deed had been committed," and that Connel was the "instrument, or the accomplice of his lord."

Connel, as soon as he had reached his apartment, and could in some degree compose his agitated mind, began to reflect on the strange interposition of supernatural agency which had lately manifested itself: For to what else could he attribute the dreadful apparitions and voices, which were seen and heard on the preceding night? And more than all, the escape of his prisoners without the removal of a bolt, bar, or any other preventive? He knew the

danger of communicating this intelligence to the gloomy chieftain at any time, but much more so at present when he laboured under so dreadful a malady; he therefore determined to conceal this circumstance as long as possible, and even to amuse his master's apprehensions with an account of their death.

Mean time the unhappy Elinor was detained a captive in one of the turrets of the castle.—Her health was rapidly declining, and she seemed to have lost all hopes of escaping from her persecutor; but Judith, who now began to have some intercourse with the servants, soon became acquainted with all the late events, which she did not fail to retail to her mistress, with a copious addenda of the marvellous.

Elinor,

Elinor, whose mind (though suffering, as well as her person, by confinement, and a privation of all those hopes and enjoyments which were dear to it,) yet retained sufficient strength to reject those superstitious ideas which Judith was incessantly endeavouring to obtrude upon it: a ray of hope also arose out of the story and the consternation which prevailed in the castle, particularly when informed of the dreadful state of the chieftain of Dromore, which she attributed to a guilty conscience, and the interposition of Providence in her favour, to save her from his persecutions.—It was the first time she ever rejoiced in the sufferings of a fellow-creature; but those sufferings were perhaps intimately connected with the preservation of her honour, and the regain-

ing of her liberty.—They may also have a salutary effect in recalling their victim to a sense of duty, and an amendment of life. It was not therefore without manifest pleasure she was informed, that every day increased the terror of the servants, every one of whom declared, that he saw strange appearances, or heard terrible noises in different parts of the castle; particularly some who declared, that ghosts were revelling in the great hall of the castle the whole night; that the clashing of armour was heard; that the old banners of the family were carried about by invisible hands; and, strange to tell, that every thing was found in perfect order in the morning! It was not without pleasure that she also heard, that Gerald's delirium had subsided into a stupor, which, though

it

it removed those fears which were entertained for his life, yet rendered him incapable of business, and the prospect of recovery tedious.

Judith, who communicated all this intelligence which she had, as she protested most solemnly, from people who saw every thing she related with their own eyes, was not a little astonished at the manner in which her young lady received her communications; for she expected to see not only symptoms of terror produced by them, but a fainting fit at least as the consequence.—But Elinor smiled at her apprehensions, and gently rebuked her for giving such implicit credit to such absurdities, which she assured her could only have existence in the imaginations of those whose fears

had conjured them up, and from whom she had learned them.

"Vary well," said Judith, "mayhap I *beent* so wise or *larned* as other folk, but I knows whats what; I *beent* no infidel neither; and what folks *seed* with their own living eyes, mayhap that be *maginashon*; but I *wonders* what made the big bell ring in the middle of the night, and what dragged lord Gerald by the hair of his head down to the lonely hall.—I *wants* to know if this is all *maginashon*, my lady? And ——"

Here Judith was interrupted by a dreadful crash, which seemed to rend the turret; she shrieked, and fell into a swoon.—Elinor was alarmed at so sudden a noise; but her alarm as instantly subsided,

subsided, on perceiving the cause which produced this terrible effect.—An old family picture, with a ponderous frame, having by some means slipped off the hook from which it was suspended, fell to the ground with that crash which created so much terror in poor Judith, and so momentary an alarm to Elinor.

Elinor's first attention was to recal her attendant to her senses, and dispel her fears; it was a considerable time, however, before she could succeed; the poor girl's mind being so entirely occupied by those images, which so many horrific tales had impressed on it, that when she opened her eyes she expected to see the visage of a demon, instead of the lovely and expressive countenance which hung over her with pitying soli-

citude.—When she was sufficiently composed, and had seen the cause of her fright, Elinor thus addressed her:—

"Judith, are you not now convinced of my reasoning? If this alarm had happened in the night, it would be difficult to persuade you that it was not the work of some spirit of darkness that came to disturb our repose.—Be assured, Judith, all those ridiculous tales which you have heard in this gloomy castle, if traced to their source, would be found to derive their effects from a cause, perhaps as simple, and as easily accounted for, by a clear and unprejudiced mind, as the falling of that old piece of family furniture."

Elinor now cast her eyes towards the picture,

picture, and on approaching, with a view to replace it, her astonishment was extreme when she perceived an ascent of three steps leading to an old worm-eaten door, covered with antique tapestry, which the painting had hitherto concealed. The door was unlocked, and she perceived on the outer side a long, and seemingly deserted, gallery, with old paintings, and hung with tattered arras; she drew the door gently towards her, and as she was going to retire, and replace the old frame, she observed a small billet on the steps, which, on perusing, to her great surprise, she found to contain as follows:

To Elinor of Desmond.

"FAIR LADY,

"THE protecting genius of virtue is not asleep; her guardian wings are ex-

tended over you: she invites you to liberty and peace; let not her invitation be rejected; dismiss false fears, and obey with confidence.—You are in the house of crimes and superstition; avail yourself, therefore, of the guilty terrors, or the weakness of those who surround you.—In the dead of the night arise, and array thyself in white garments; let thy attendant do the same; take each a lighted taper in your hand, and enter the lonely gallery behind the picture; follow on to the right, and it will conduct you to a flight of marble steps; descend, and at the bottom you will find an iron door, it shall be open to receive you; enter with confidence, and follow the winding way, which in a little time will conduct you to the open air on the banks of the Clydah; follow the meandering

meandering of the stream on the left, until you arrive at an antient tower in ruins: there enter, and extinguish your light.—Have confidence and prosper."

On perusing these lines, Elinor was in doubt what conduct to pursue; perhaps it was a scheme laid by her persecutor to draw her into a snare, as the pretext for more oppressive measures.—But on the other hand, could she be worse than in his power? And the language of the note, which called her prison the house of crimes and superstition, gave her a hope that Gerald was too haughty to abuse himself for the purpose of deceiving her, who was already at his mercy.—It must therefore be some friend; perhaps her beloved Carbery himself.—Ecstatic thought! but then the writing bore

bore no resemblance to the well-known characters of his hand.—At all events, she determined to venture; and first, had a difficult task to prevail on Judith to accompany her through the deserted gallery at dead of night.—"Lud! my lady," said Judith, "if the White Knight was to meet us, for sure and *cartain* I'd die o' the fright; and they *says* as how he rattles through the lonely hall at dead o' night; and as how a murdered lady sweeps with a robe of silk through the shut up rooms, with a light in her hand. —O lud! if we but meet her in that lonely gallery!—Lud! my lady, sure you *been't* mad to go?"

"Well, Judith," replied Elinor calmly, "I find all my endeavours prove ineffectual to render your mind proof against

against the vain assaults of cowardly superstition: however, if you are determined to remain here, you may; for I certainly will attempt to regain my liberty."

"And leave me all alone near this haunted gallery—Lud a mercy! could you be so hard-hearted?—O no! take me with you, my lady; one lonely night would kill me."

"Then prepare to follow me to-night."

Here Elinor gave Judith the necessary instructions for their intended adventure.—The tapers were produced, and a match for the purpose of lighting them at midnight.—The picture was replaced

placed with care, but in such a situation as to be easily removed, and every thing was in the most perfect order, when Connel tapt at the door with a message from Gerald, informing her, that a serious indisposition prevented him from having the honour of waiting on her sooner; but that he intended paying his respects to her this evening at supper.

Elinor at first hesitated what answer to return; but sensible that all her hopes depended on a little well-timed dissimulation, briefly answered with a voice of stifled indignation, "Well, I shall see your master."

Connel flew back to the gloomy chieftain, who expected to hear a refusal of his visit; and who felt agreeably surprised

prised at the promptitude with which she acquiesced.—He therefore began to store his mind with a number of fine things to soothe or to deceive her on the occasion, and seemed to look upon the horrors of the past as the effects of his imagination, which now taking an opposite turn, began to amuse him with pleasing prospects of future felicity. Vain illusions! the guilty bosom may for a time deceive itself with such imaginary bliss; but those gilded dreams will vanish, those air-built palaces will fade away.—The hour of solitude will awaken the sting of remorse in the mind, and reflection, rendered more imbittered by a recollection of those deluding phantasies which have flown, will render every scene more gloomy, every prospect more comfortless, by a contrast

of

of those feelings which ensue with those which preceded them.

Elinor, on this occasion, was obliged also to recollect herself; she dreaded the odious interview; she was apprehensive that her resolution would fail, and that her detestation would appear through her endeavours to conceal it.—How hard the task for an ingenuous mind to conceal or to repress its just sentiments and feelings; but ah! how doubly distressing to counterfeit a feeling foreign to the heart, or to simulate an acquiescence which it spurned at.—To such a situation was the noble minded daughter of Desmond reduced by an imposing necessity.

CHAP. VI.

" O memory! I love thy pleasing pow'r,
Which summons up each past endearing hour;
But, ah! the retrospective glance we gain,
Too oft is tinctured with a sense of pain."

ALLAN, with some difficulty, retraced his intricate path, and at length perceived the hospitable retreat of the venerable recluse, perched upon the brow of that awful declivity, which, by the assistance of a protecting Providence, he had reached unhurt, amid the horrors of a night replete with all the perils and the terrors of darkness and of storm.

" O my God!" he exclaimed, with grateful

grateful emotions, "how pleasant to the limbs of fatigue was that humble couch; how renovating and salutary was the frugal repast to the cravings of almost exhausted nature; how chearing was the aspect of that venerable man, who seemed the guardian genius of this desert; how dear was the feeble ray of that taper which darted a beam of hope through the gloom of solitude and despair!—and yet methinks I approach that spot with emotions of anxiety, surpassing those I have hitherto experienced. Perhaps that hermitage is now desolate, and its hoary proprietor no more; or, dreading the perfidy of a guest, who left him apparently in a clandestine manner, perhaps he has thought it prudent to seek an asylum elsewhere, and not trust to the honour of a visitor, whose conduct gave room

for

for so much suspicion, and whose character was so ambiguous." Such were the expressions and the feelings of our young wanderer, as he approached that lowly shed where he had experienced the soothing kindness of hospitable attention, and heard the consolatory dictates of wisdom and benevolence.

The shades of evening were now descending on the hills, and every object began to appear through a shadowy medium; the eagle was returning to its lofty nest, and the owl began to flap its wings in the caverned rock, preparatory to its nocturnal excursion, when Allan, pensive, weary, and hesitating, stood before the door of the cell. It was closed; no curling smoke announced the cheerful faggot; no rushen taper shed its faint light

light on the surrounding gloom:—all was silent; save when the expiring murmurs of the distant waterfall stole upon the ear, or the wild howl of the mountain dog, heard feebly from afar, gave some reason to hope that it was not entirely cut off from all human communication. He approached the door with trembling expectation; he knocked,—but all was silent; he raised the latch, no bolt secured the door; he entered, how dreary was the scene! every object presented to his view the idea of abandonment; the cheerless hearth, the empty scrip, the dusty couch, all seemed to inform him that his kind benefactor had deserted his peaceful retirement.

Allan paused for a moment:—"And can

can I be the unhappy cause of this?" he exclaimed: "Did he dread treachery from me? and even if I was perfidious, and was a guide for curiosity or suspicion to this recess, what could he have to fear, whose life was so blameless, whose manners were so mild, so charitable and inoffensive? No, let me at least indulge a hope that I have not occasioned his removal: but what has become of him?"

With these words he flung himself on the humble couch; it was the same which received him on that dreadful night, when faint and wearily he reached this hospitable asylum; and the recollection of the kind attention which he then experienced, encreased his regret at the absence of his venerable host, and anxiety for his fate.

The

The fatigue which attended his ascent among the rocks soon drew on him a sort of lassitude, which, with the stillness that prevailed around him, by degrees produced a respite from the uneasiness of reflection, by the interposition of sleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass." *Blair.*

ELINOR waited with no small degree of anxiety for the approaching visit; she was apprehensive that all her efforts to appear easy would vanish at the sight of one so hateful to her eyes. The hour at length arrived, and Connel, who seemed at once her servant and her jailor, announced to her that supper was on the table, and his lord preparing to wait upon her. She arose with silent agitation, and entered the supper room, where she had scarcely arrived, when Gerald entered at an opposite door.

There was a pallid wildness in his looks, and a disorder in his whole appearance, which startled Elinor at first sight; and made her shrink back at his approach, with an emotion of involuntary horror. Gerald perceived it; he was proud, and could scarcely repress the sentiments of resentment which he felt at so strong an indication of her dislike of him.

"Madam," said he, as he approached her, "pray be seated; be composed, and dismiss those vain alarms with which I am sorry to perceive that my presence inspires you; it is true, my conduct must appear in an unfavourable light, but trust me, when you are made acquainted with the motives by which I have been actuated, and the principles upon which I have

I have acted, your own candour will not only acquit me of any share of culpability, but I am bold enough to expect some portion of approbation, which to me would prove indeed an inestimable reward."

Elinor had now taken her seat, and the gloomy chieftain sat beside her: at a distance stood the infamous Connel, in waiting, as ready to execute any criminal purpose, as to serve up a cover to the table.

After a pause of a few minutes, the daughter of Desmond, in a tremulous voice, thus addressed him:

"Indeed, my lord, I must confess that the manner in which I have been con-

ducted here, has impressed my mind with sentiments by no means to your advantage; I little thought that the person to whom my father reposed most confidence, would be the first to plant a dagger in his bosom, and rob him of his only child."—Here her agitation was extreme; and it was some considerable time before Gerald could find her sufficiently composed to attend to his sophisticated vindication of his conduct.

He assured her, that the suspicions she entertained were as unjust as they were injurious; that he acted with the approbation, and even at the desire of her father:—that she was rescued from one of the most detestable schemes laid for her destruction by the perfidious son of Glanville, who had no other object in view

view but the acquisition of her father's territory, as a finishing stroke to that enmity which so long prevailed between the two houses. "You were to be the victim of this ambitious project," said Gerald, with well affected indignation: "The innocence and simplicity of your heart, the unsuspecting credulity of your generous disposition, were selected as the means of executing this dark design, by a delusive tale of love; a well dissembled hypocrisy, which, by ardent protestations of disinterested passion, was to effect your slavery and degradation; overwhelm your venerable father with shame and despair; and sink the honours of his antient name, and the wealth of his illustrious house, in an union with his most inveterate enemy. But, madam," said the designing villain, producing a

paper, "read that evidence of guilt, which must speak more forcibly to your feelings than all my arguments."

Elinor took the paper with trembling emotion; she imagined it was the hand writing of her beloved Carbery; but what was her surprise and horror, when she perused its heart-rending contents as follows:

"I am confident that my honoured father will share my joy, when I inform him that our scheme has succeeded to the utmost of our wishes: the silly girl thinks I love her, and has actually consented to elope with me. I have written to the keeper of Lohart, to have that castle prepared for her reception; there she shall remain the slave of my pleasures. Think not

not that I mean to pollute our noble blood by so detestable an alliance; it may, however, be necessary, for the better conduct of our scheme, to delude her with a mock ceremony, which at the same time will serve to inspire her with a false confidence, and render our claim to the territory of Desmond indisputable. Be assured your will on this, and every other occasion, shall be a law to

"Your dutiful son,

"CARBERY O'CALAGHAN.

To O'Calaghan, of Glanville."

On reading this fatal paper, Elinor fell seemingly devoid of existence from her seat; nor was it without considerable exertions on the part of Judith, who was called in to attend her, that she was restored to the use of her senses;

and the first expressions which escaped her were, "Good Heavens, what perfidy! what a precipice I have escaped!"

Gerald, who heard these expressions, secretly exulted in the success with which his vile arts were crowned; and promised himself the most favourable conclusions from this misrepresentation of his rival's character. He, therefore, approached the daughter of Desmond with seeming solicitude; expressed his sorrow at the effects which the letter had produced; accused himself of rashness in producing it so suddenly, but was happy to find that she was sensible of the danger she had so narrowly escaped; and hoped it would be the means of inducing her the sooner to accept of the protection of an honourable alliance, founded on the basis of disinter-

disinterested affection, admiration, and esteem, and which would frustrate the base designs and machinations of her foes.

Elinor, in a little time, became so much composed, and even satisfied at her escape from so degrading a calamity, that she was prevailed upon by the attentive chieftain to partake of some refreshment. The subject, however, was too heavy on her mind to admit of the participation of any other; and she could not help asking by what means he had obtained that letter, or why her father would prefer sending her to Dromore to the protection of his own castle?

Gerald was prepared for all those questions: he assured her, that her father was

actuated as well by a momentary resentment at her credulity in listening to the deceptive proposals of his rival's son, as by a desire of giving an additional proof of confidence and esteem for himself, by permitting him to be the agent of her deliverance, as well as to make his castle the seat of her exile, 'till she was restored to parental favour, which he was confident would be soon: "And as to the letter," added Gerald, "there can be no doubt of its authenticity: I was concealed, and saw the son of Glanville deliver it to a messenger, whom I soon after encountered on the road, and from whom I wrested it;—this is simply the case:—I swear it to be true."

"It is false!" exclaimed a solemn and impressive voice.

Gerald

Gerald started from his seat with a look of horror, and called on Connel, who was still waiting in the back ground, to explain the meaning of that noise.

"I much fear, my lord," said Connel, with a tremulous voice, which contradicted his seeming incredulity, "that we are made the prey of depredators, who have lurking-places in the castle; and who, by overhearing conversation, can answer, with a mysterious air, impressing terror only on the minds of the weak and superstitious."

Elinor was all this time wrapt in silent astonishment: she, it is true, started at the sound of that intrusive voice, delivered as it was in so solemn a manner, and in contradiction to assertions, which

overwhelmed her with grief and indignation. But, on recollecting that the voice proceeded from that quarter adjoining the deserted gallery, she immediately attributed it to the interposition of her unknown friend, who, perhaps, had recourse to this measure to guard her against the snares and misrepresentations of Gerald; as well as to confirm her in her resolution to fly, which the reception of the note must have given the unknown every reason to expect. She, therefore, immediately assumed an air of composure and seeming confidence, when Gerald assured her, that this was some trick of her enemy, to impose on her credulity, and make her doubt the truth of his assertions, "Which I again swear to be true," repeated the gloomy chieftain.

"It

"It is false as hell!" again exclaimed the voice.

Gerald again started from his seat; his hair stood on end; his limbs seemed convulsed with rage and terror, as wildly he exclaimed—"What art thou, speak, that darest thus intrude upon my privacy?"

At these words a clash of armour was heard, a folding door flew open, and a figure, completely equipped in martial array, strided into the apartment.

At the first glance, Gerald and his guilty attendant fell motionless to the ground. Elinor, though her mind was superior to superstitious terror, and whose heart was a stranger to that fear which

is ever the concomitant of crimes, yet felt an awe and agitation which she could not account for, at the sight of the mysterious visitor. She, however, had strength enough to observe his motions as he advanced slowly towards her, and in a voice which seemed not supernatural, softly exclaimed, "Be courageous, fear not, and follow me:" At the same time turning from her, and pointing to the door at which he entered.

Elinor was some time in so undetermined and agitated a state, that she felt herself incapable of moving; at length, summoning up all her remaining strength, she determined to follow.

She followed through the adjoining avenues

avenues until she reached her own apartment; here she perceived Judith trembling with terror, and anxious expectancy: for the sudden disorder of her lady in the supper room had given rise to various alarming conjectures: but now her horror and astonishment were extreme, when she perceived the formidable figure stride into the apartment, followed by the agitated form of her young mistress; she uttered a loud shriek and fainted away. The figure approached the painting; at his touch it fell to the ground, and disclosed the door leading to the gallery: he stood for a moment on the entrance, and turning his head towards the fair captive, said, in a gentle tone of voice, "Be resolute, and fear not; obey the directions of the note; to-morrow will be

too

too late;" and then with a loud noise, it rushed through the deserted gallery, making the whole castle ring with the rattling of its armour. Elinor sunk into a chair, and was for a considerable time bereft of sense or motion.

CHAP. VIII.

" 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange!
'Twas pitiful—'twas wond'rous pitiful!"

Shak.

THE grey dawn was visiting the dewy summits of the hills, and the golden sun beams were escaping from the portals of the east, to sip the pure beverage from the bosom of vegetable nature, when Allan started from his couch, and found himself once more a spectator of that stupendous, grand, and heart-elevating scene, which, on his first visit to this retreat, he had contemplated with emotions of awe, delight, and admiration!--But where was the interesting form

form of the venerable recluse as he then appeared toiling up the ascent with his bundle, the fruit of early industry?—He was now sensible that the scene had lost much of that magic charm which he then felt in his very soul, by the absence of that object which could impart interest to any scene. Where was now that voice, which spoke like that of an angel among those wilds, soothing the anguish of despair by precepts of the most refined morality, and chasing away the glooms of despondency by a cheerful hope, founded on the immutable mercy of an all-protecting Providence? Allan recollected all his words of comfort, but he felt the want of that manner which so irresistibly enforced each argument—of that benevolent countenance, whose

ingenuous

ingenuous expression imparted a weight and confidence to every sentiment.

Such were the reflections of our young wanderer as he stood on the threshold of the humble shed, and cast his eyes in vain over the extensive scene, for that good and venerable man, who had received him in the hour of his distress, and had given a sweetness even to the poignancy of his afflictions.—"O Ella, my beloved Ella!" he then exclaimed, "had I but thy dear society, and the charms of conversation of my respected friend—even in those wilds we may enjoy the Elysium of love and friendship, remote from the envy or the reproach of the proud and the malicious; but here I stand the solitary victim of pride, envy, and malice.—O Fancy! cease

cease to sport with my distress :—Imagination, why wilt thou delude me? Even now, perhaps, that Ella, whom I have so presumptuously called *mine*, is the wife of another."—With these words he returned to his couch, and flung himself, in agony of mind, upon it, indulging the most melancholy reflections on the hardness of his fate. "O Carbery," he would then exclaim, "but for thy generous, though fatal regard, I should have been now the contented inmate of a cottage; my ideas would have been suited to my humble condition, and my mind would not have thus madly aspired to an object beyond my hopes."

Thus did he indulge his gloomy reverie for a considerable time, unconscious and regardless of the lapse of a few

few hours, until the murmurs of approaching sounds seized on his attention. He arose, he advanced with impatience to the door, and at that instant, O transport beyond description! was folded in the embrace of the venerable hermit; who, overpowered by his emotions, was for some moments supported in a state of insensibility, (the effect of too sudden a surprise and excessive joy,) in the arms of his ardent young friend. As soon as those emotions had given way to returning sense, the old man emphatically addressed a prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven, for so unexpected a blessing: and again pressing the youth in his arms with increased warmth of tenderness, they entered the hut, and sat on the couch where the now delighted Allan had but a few moments before

before given vent to the effusions of despair. The peasant who attended the recluse, and to whom the foregoing scene was a matter of surprise and pleasure, now entered with his little bundle of necessaries, and asked, with respectful solicitude, if this was the young gentleman they were so long looking for? and his emotions, on being answered in the affirmative, were too lively to pass without the notice and acknowledgements of Allan.

A simple repast, procured from the peasant's bundle, and which was equally necessary and acceptable to the trio, having been soon enjoyed, the peasant retired to his friends in the mountains, and left the recluse and his new found guest to enjoy their conversations without interruption.

Allan

Allan having related the manner in which he was led away from the hermitage, and the extraordinary events which followed, such as his reception among the banditti, and his meeting Carbery, the recluse seemed to weigh the character and manners of the captain of the band in his mind with extraordinary attention, and at length spoke as follows:

"My dear young friend, I shall at present repress any inclination which may arise in my mind to remark on several parts of your singular narrative, until I first acquaint you with my own adventures since last I saw you: I shall not here enter into a florid description of the interest I took in your fate, or the emotions of sorrow I felt at finding that

that you did not return to my humble residence; and having passed over the anxiety which I endured during a few days of suspense and expectation, shall proceed to that period when giving over all hopes of your return, I determined to forsake my retirement, for the purpose of ascertaining your fate and prospects; and having prevailed on the peasant you have just seen to attend me, we set out for the Castle of Glanville."

Here Allan could not repress his anxious desire of learning every thing connected with that beloved spot; and was, with all the eagerness of juvenile attachment, launching out into innumerable inquiries, when the recluse checked his ardour, and thus proceeded:

"Being

"Being old, I was obliged to advance but slowly, and with no small degree of labour, had passed the mountains in my first day's journey. As I had an upper garment which concealed my pilgrim's dress, I proceeded without notice or interruption until the fourth day, when I arrived at the borders of Glanville territory: here I was surprised to find numerous bands of armed men, guarding the different avenues which led into the country; and, on enquiring the reason, was answered, that a war had broke out between the houses of O'Calaghan and Desmond, in consequence of a charge made by the latter, against the son and heir of the former, of having forcibly taken away his daughter, whom he demanded to be restored. "It is true, indeed," said my informer, "our young

lord has disappeared in a very extraordinary and unaccountable manner, at the very time when the daughter of our enemy also was missing; but we know too well that his absence must be owing to some other cause, and that he would scorn to accept of his rival's daughter, on any terms, however advantageous, much less descend to steal her: however that may be, the chieftain of Desmond, assisted by the powerful prince of Thomond, and the forces of Dromore, has invaded our territory with a numerous army.—On the other hand, we are assisted by the prince of Ulster, and though inferior to our enemies, are not without hopes of repelling their attacks; as yet nothing decisive has taken place, but there is every reason to expect a general engagement, on which all will depend.—

Our

Our chief, it is true, is dispirited by the absence of his son; but even should that son forget what is due to his dignity, and should he prove guilty of the charge preferred against him, yet the Lord of Glanville will not yield to his foes an easy conquest; though old, his presence will inspire confidence, and his warriors are brave and numerous. But I should advise you not to think of proceeding further, as it may be attended with danger; and indeed our orders are to prevent any one from passing those frontiers."

"I assured our communicative centinel, that my intentions were far from hostile to the interests of his chief, and that my business was direct for Glanville Castle, on a matter of importance;

and to convince him that my design was amicable, I opened my garment and disclosed my religious dress; he immediately viewed me with sentiments of mingled confidence and reverence, and furnished me with a pass to proceed in safety.—As we advanced into the country, how drear and solitary was every scene; excepting a few old men and women, and children, who wore sorrow and anxiety in their countenances, nought else was to be seen: the fields were left half cultivated; the ploughshare was rusting in the furrow; the oxen were unharnessed and wild about the plains; not a courser was to be seen, nor a youth to manage him; all, all were swept away to defend the frontiers against the foe.—How often did the fond maternal eye look tearful towards

that

that quarter where death and carnage threatened her with the loss of all her hopes! how anxious were the moments of the tender matron, when uncertain of her husband's fate; and how heavy were the sighs of the pensive maid, who looked in vain over the dreary plain for the beloved and betrothed youth, perhaps doomed never to return! And how wild was every face, how agitated every form, at the approach of any person from the camp of their chief! dreadful expectancy awaited him; for on his lip, on his very looks, depended the joy or the misery of numbers. Such was the general picture of the country through which we passed; the blithesome song of the husbandman was not heard to chear our way, nor did the sweet pipe of the shepherd salute us with its mellow notes

from the woodlands: but as we penetrated still further on our route, the distant clashing of the cymbals, and the rough clangor of the trumpet, invaded our ears with strengthening sounds, as we approached the scene of action. In a little time we perceived in perspective the towers of Glanville, and the war-flag floating from its battlements; and towards evening could descry the white tents upon the plain, which we reached time enough to gain admittance to the camp, by means of the pass with which I was furnished. I immediately enquired for Randal, who I was informed was at the castle attending the chieftain, who was wounded in a skirmish on the preceding day; and as it was then too late to visit him, the castle being at some distance from the camp, I therefore

fore gratefully accepted for myself and companion the shelter of a tent and soldier's fare for the night, intending early on the next morning to set out for the castle of Glanville, and have an interview with the good peasant whom you supposed to have been your father."

"Supposed!" exclaimed Allan, starting from his seat, "and was he not my father?"

"I wonder not at your emotions," said the recluse, "but would wish you to suppress your curiosity until the story is gradually unfolded; at present I can only inform you, that you are not his son, though as yet it is uncertain to whom you owe your birth, or whom you can claim as a relation."

Allan resumed his seat with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

"Having arrived at the castle, I requested to speak with Randal, who was immediately called, and waited on me. —"My friend," said I, "it would give me great pleasure to hold a few moments conversation with you in private, on a subject in which you are much interested." He viewed me with an air of surprise and expectation, and led me into a detached apartment, where, having seated ourselves, I at once came to the object of my journey, by asking him if he had not a son named Allan? I had scarcely spoke, when he grasped my hand with vehemence; a sudden flush diffused itself over his aged countenance, and with impatient inquiry, he, faultering,

ing, importuned me, for Heaven's sake, if I knew any thing of that beloved youth, not to keep him a moment in suspence, but disclose it at once to him.

"I therefore complied with his wishes, informed him of your unaccountable imprisonment at the monastery of Morne, and the extraordinary circumstances of your escape, the figure in armour, the monk, and your accidental arrival at my retreat, together with your clandestine departure; all was unfolded to the musing and wondering peasant; but I remarked him particularly agitated when I mentioned the figure in armour, which induced me to ask him if he had ever seen such a figure? and then looking sternly in his face, I asked him, was that youth in reality his son?

"At first he gazed at me with marks of deep astonishment, and then asked me for what reason I questioned him thus? or why, if he had any secret to disclose, I should imagine he should be so ready to impart it to a stranger?

"I assured him that my motive was pure, and that nothing but a desire of doing justice could have induced me, at that period of my life, to withdraw from that retreat where I enjoyed peace, or from the observance of those religious duties which I had enjoined myself; at the same time opening the folds of my upper garments, I disclosed the dress of my order, which immediately inspired him with confidence and respect.

"Attend then," said the old man, "and

"and I shall unfold a tale of a most strange and marvellous nature, which I have never yet disclosed to any person; if I am wrong, may Heaven forgive me; if right, may this tend to restore that beloved youth once more to those fond eyes, and to his own friends, if he has any, and I shall then die in peace."

Allan was much affected at these proofs of the good man's attachment; the memory of past times glanced across his mind, and the tear of sensibility stole down his manly cheek.

The recluse perceived it with pleasure, as an additional proof of a good heart; but not seeming to notice it, thus proceeded in his narrative:

"It was in one of the most desolating nights of the gloomy and convulsed December," said Randal, "when the loud tempest howled along the desert heath, and the rain beat with violence against my tottering cottage—I had just thrown a fresh faggot on the hearth, whose cheerful blaze soon formed a contrast to the dark and dreary texture of the scene which presented itself without—Rebecca, the dear partner of all my cares and pleasures, had crept closer to me with attentive ears, while I endeavoured to beguile the horrors of the night with a tale of former times, handed down by the simple traditions of the country—When lo! in the intermission of those gusts which scoured along the plain, a feeble cry arrested our attention. 'Holy virgin!' said my wife,

'what can that mean?'—'Cease,' said I, 'it seems the accent of distress; let me hasten to afford assistance.' To this poor Rebecca, whose terror, proceeding from an unconquerable superstition, was extreme, objected with vehemence, at the same time invoking all the saints to our protection; while Donald, a labouring hind, who was stretched on a bench of rushes, raised his head, and while he intended to soothe her fears, rendered her nearly petrified with horror, by saying, 'It was only the Banshee singing the death-song; that he frequently heard it of late; that for certain somebody would soon die, and so we should have a pleasant wake in the neighbourhood.'—'O! it is coming for me, it is coming for me,' said Rebecca, while her teeth chattered,

and

and her hair stood on end; 'I heard my mother say it haunts the family—O! it is coming for me!' I was much displeased with Donald for his foolish observation, and ordered him immediately to go and discover from whence the sounds proceeded, while I remained to allay the fears of Rebecca, who clung to me, and would not suffer me to stir from her on any account whatever.

"After crossing himself several times, and repeating a prayer, Donald with reluctance obeyed his orders; but was not many seconds absent, when he rushed in with a terrified and distracted air, flung himself on the bench, and wildly exclaimed, 'I saw it!—O, I saw it!'

"O! did you see the banshee?" screamed

screamed Rebecca, "'tis coming for me." Her tottering limbs were unable to sustain her, and she fell senseless to the ground.

"Besotted fool," said I, shaking Donald, "what means all this? What have you seen?"

"O, I saw it!" exclaimed the trembling hind; "I swear by the mass I saw the White Knight in a flame of fire."

"Though in the humble situation of a cottager," said Randal, "in my youth I had opportunities of education, and hopes beyond the lowly situation which it has pleased an all-wise Providence to allot me; you must therefore suppose

that my understanding was not clouded by those superstitious impressions which overpowered my companions.—On hearing the feeble cry still repeated, I hastened from the cottage, and, directed by the sound, soon found the object of my enquiry; which, by the vivid flashes of lightning which played around, and half illumined the horizon, I perceived to be an infant wrapt up in a mantle of velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and carefully deposited in a wicker basket at the foot of a venerable oak; as I raised the sweet cherub to my arms, it stretched forth its little hands as if claiming my protection, and with an involuntary emotion I pressed it to my heart.

"At that moment the thunder rolled in deepening peals over my head, the loud

loud wind howled in rougher gusts, and the fluid lightning, darting from the convulsed and broken clouds, spread itself in a sheet of pale sulphureous flame, which shed a dismal glare of light on the surrounding objects, presenting to the heated imagination forms of a hideous and fantastic nature, rendering the power of vision more horrific than tenfold darkness, while a voice, shrill and impressive, exclaimed, "Swear!"

"At that instant the storm raved louder, and rendered the word unintelligible to the astonished ears; I felt that fortitude of which I boasted totally forsake me, and I hastily turned towards my cottage. There was a little narrow passage through which I was to go, when lo! a figure in white armour blocked

blocked up the path, while the word "Swear" broke from its lips in a still more solemn and impressive manner.—"Jesu have mercy!" said I, tottering with terror, "O, I swear!"

"To protect that child," said the mysterious voice. "I swear it."

"It is well," said the awful figure; "thy oath is registered in heaven." It then darted across the plain, and seemed to vanish, involved in sheets of lambient flame; the hoarse thunder growled at a distance; darkness now succeeded, and the convulsed atmosphere seemed to find relief in an inundating torrent of rain, when dripping wet, and terrified almost to death, I tottered to my cottage.

On

On entering I found Rebecca sufficiently recovered to overwhelm me with an inundation of questions.—I was however unable to comply for a considerable time; but having carefully deposited my burthen, I sat ruminating in silence.

"At length, having recovered myself a little, I informed them how I had found the child, but concealed all the horrific part of the adventure; and having recommended it to the care of Rebecca, I bound Donald by an oath not to speak a syllable on the subject; and having also strictly enjoined secrecy on my wife, I resolved to conceal it until the fate of our own infant, who was weakly, and then very ill, should be determined; as in case of its death I determined to rear the little stranger as our own.

own.—In a few days what I apprehended really happened—our infant died; and as he was weak and unpromising, I soon found means of soothing the sorrow of Rebecca, and of reconciling her to adopt the little foundling, and of passing it on our neighbours as our own, having privately, and in the dead of night, interred our deceased child.

"In my mind thought succeeded thought," said Randal, "in a train of conjectures equally irreconcileable to my reason. The awful injunction, and the phantom which flew across the plain, were circumstances which staggered my disbelief of supernatural agency, and gave to my mind a turn of gloom and anxiety hitherto unknown to it. I was, however, resolved to fulfil my covenant

to

to the utmost of my power.—I had sworn a most solemn oath, at a most awful hour, and attended by circumstances truly mysterious and impressive. That the infant was of a distinguished class, the velvet robe was a convincing proof: for what purpose it was thus exposed, or why I was selected as an agent in the business, I was unable to conjecture: to time, therefore, and to Providence, I committed my hopes of explanation; confident that a religious adherence to the terms of my oath would, at all events, prove my justification.

"Possessed of these sentiments, I reared the infant as my own. Donald soon died, without divulging the secret; and Rebecca became so much attached to the sweet boy, that, by considering him

him as such, she at length was so much deceived by the fondness of imagination, as to believe in reality that he was her own. As he grew up, he not only acquired the love of our villagers, but attracted the notice of our young lord, who took him to the castle, where he had all the advantages of education, equal to his noble friend; and acquired such weight and such esteem, that he was consulted on all affairs of consequence. How often was I tempted, when I saw the noble youth rise so far above his lot, to reveal to him the secret; but I had an interest in his love, which, though selfish, is I hope excusable: I was justly proud of the reputation of having such a son, and I was apprehensive, that if I was to inform him of the manner in which he was directed to my

care,

care, that he would feel restless and ambitious to discover his birth, which would perhaps only tend to poison that felicity which he already enjoyed. Such was the situation of affairs when the young chieftain of Ulster arrived, and from envy of his superior merits, contracted an inveterate hatred for him, which he indulged in the most malicious manner, by insinuating evil reports of him to our chieftain; which at length compelled our dear fellow to encounter all the hardships of an outcast and wandering state; and what has become of him, or where he is, Heaven only knows; but perhaps you come as a messenger of happy tidings, to communicate some intelligence respecting our beloved Allan."

"Such was the tale of Randal," said the

the recluse, and when he had finished his narrative, he looked at me with the tears rolling down his cheek, anxiously expecting what I had to communicate.

"I was preparing to inform the good old man of all I knew respecting you, which could not impart much comfort, as I was then uncertain of your fate; when we were suddenly interrupted by a violent uproar in the castle, which drew off our attention, and compelled even Randal to postpone the recital until the cause of the tumult was known.

"Randal returned in a few minutes; there was a wildness in his looks truly alarming.—We are lost, said he, we are totally undone; that villain O'Neil has

has deserted with his forces to our enemies; there is no hope of withstanding such numbers; and to add to the distress of our unfortunate chieftain, his beloved daughter, the lady Ella, is missing, and no one can give an account of her."

Here Allan rose with trembling agitation:—"I have heard enough, my venerable friend," said he; "moments are precious, forgive the abruptness of my departure: I shall make an effort to save the chieftain of Glanville; if I succeed, you shall soon hear from me; if I perish, it shall not be without a prayer for your welfare."—"O Ella, beloved Ella!" he exclaimed; "perhaps while I linger here, you are exposed to the tyrannic insults of an unprincipled ruffian."

Having thus spoke, he warmly grasped the recluse by the hand, darted with precipitation from the hermitage, and before the hermit could expostulate, was scouring over the rugged precipices, and soon lost to his view.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" 'Tis joy beyond belief—the sweet surprise
Surcharged with rapture—deluges with bliss,
And shuts the eyes of reason."

It was some time before Elinor could recover sufficient composure to reflect calmly on those recent occurrences; she had, however, experienced but a short suspension of those mental powers which nature had endowed with a vigour and depth of penetration not imparted in common to her sex. Her resolution was soon formed; but the difficulty lay in persuading Judith to dismiss her fears, and to accompany her in her flight. This was a task indeed; she at

length, however, succeeded: their tapers were lighted, and with trembling steps they entered the deserted gallery.

How solitary was the scene,—how dreary, how desolate! the tattered arras hung in mouldering fragments from the damp walls; the worm-eaten frames tottered on rust-corroded hooks; whilst the shriveled canvas shrunk from their inclosures: the scutcheons, quartered with all the pride of heraldic vanity, fallen from the proud column, were scattered with broken shields, helmets, and spears, in promiscuous ruin; affording to the contemplative mind a most impressive lesson, respecting the transitory glory of this world.

Such was the scene which presented itself

itself to the fair daughter of Desmond, and her agitated and horror-struck companion, as they cautiously traversed the lonely and extensive gallery. Having at length arrived at the winding staircase, described in the mysterious note, they descended, and soon found themselves at the iron gate: it was open; they entered a gloomy vault, which, after a number of mazy circumvolutions, conducted them to the open air.

It was yet dark; no star diffused its cheering light; an impenetrable gloom enveloped the atmosphere; and the loud blast which moaned along an avenue of stately pines, soon extinguished their tapers: it was, therefore, with difficulty, and much danger, that, by following the winding course of the river, on whose

bank they found themselves, they reached the old ruins to which the mysterious note also directed them.

On approaching it, they were alarmed at the murmur of voices; they advanced cautiously, and listened with trembling attention: in a little time they perceived a momentary flash, like the sudden blaze of a fire, and, on venturing still further in the ruins, they had a full view of nearly a dozen men, sitting round the blaze of a faggot, and near them casks of liquor; some dead sheep, and other articles, which induced her to suppose them to be a band of robbers. Impressed with this idea, and almost sinking under the dreadful apprehension of falling into such hands, Elinor hastily turned to conceal herself in the adjacent

wood,

wood, until their departure; but her agitation rendered her incapable of retracing her steps with necessary caution; and the fragments of a column, whose disjointed parts lay widely scattered by the disorganizing devastation of time, having unfortunately impeded her way, she stumbled, and was thrown to the ground, with a noise which soon drew the inmates of the ruins with precipitation and alarm to the spot.

Judith swooned with terror at their approach; and the shock of her fall, united to the terrors of her apprehension, threw Elinor into a state of insensibility, bordering, in appearance, on a total suspension of the functions of life.

How long she had continued in this

state, Elinor could not conjecture ; but, on recovering the use of her faculties, she perceived herself covered up with care, in a large rug, and her head supported by Judith. She now looked around her, and found herself in motion, surrounded by those ill-looking wretches whom she was solicitous to avoid ; she shrunk with horror from the sight, and relapsed into her former state of insensibility.

When her senses again returned, Elinor found herself stretched on a rich couch, in an apartment illumed by a large and splendid lamp, while Judith knelt by her side, delighted at perceiving the ascendancy of returning reason, which now triumphed over the effects of sudden terror ; and now, with fond officiousness,

officiousness, pressed her to be composed, and accept of a renovating cordial draught, which she extended to her lips.

" O Judith!" exclaimed Elinor, where are we? where are those horrid looking men?"

" We are safe, my lady; we are with friends that will protect us: be composed my dear lady; take this draught first, and then you shall hear all."

Elinor yielded to her entreaties, and soon felt its potent and salutary effects, in the renewal of warmth, strength, and spirits.

" Your cordial has had a sudden and

wonderful effect on me, Judith; from whence did you obtain it?"

"Ah, my lady! mayhap, with all its wonders, it is not wonderful enough to make you lie easy while I mention his name: blessings on his sweet face! I was just fainting with fear and 'fright when he gave it to me, and restored me, and left it with me to give you as soon as you was able to take it: blessings on him, say I!—why he was like mad when he see'd you all like a corpse, my lady; and I warrant he's no better now, with fear *'consarning* you: but I must run tell his honour, for I promised when you recovered.—O bless him, what joy 'twill give him! and—"

"For Heaven's sake, what are you saying?

saying? where are we? to whom do you allude?" exclaimed Elinor, interrupting her.

"Why we are under ground, my lady."

"Good Heaven! under ground! what mean you?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady, snug as rabbits in a burrough; we are in what they call a *caverner*, or so."

"In a cavern! why you astonish me, Judith; pray explain yourself, to whom did you allude?"

"Well, my lady, to make the matter short, I'll begin the story: and so as I

was a saying, I'll bring you snug into the caverner: so you must know my lady, how deadly afraid I was when we see'd the robbers in the old walls."—

"Where is the necessity of going so far back?" said Elinor with impatience; "come to the cavern at once."

"There now, my lady, you see 'tis impossible to please some people; but if some folks are put out of one's cue, why perhaps some folks can't tell it at all."

Elinor perceived that her impatience created delay, and was therefore silent, while Judith resumed her narrative.

"Well, as I was a saying, when I saw

the robbers, I was deadly affeared; and when you fell, my lady, over the great stone, and the ugly wretches pop'd out of their nest, I was so bewildered that I swounded; you know what ill-looking fellows they were?"

"O yes!—but do, pray, Judith, proceed."

"Well, how long I lay, tosticated with the fright, is more nor I can tell; but, on opening my poor eyes, who should I see, but your own dear self, stretched by my side in a sort of a cart, all as palé as a ghost; I'm sure the White Knight was not half so pale:—O my lady! do you recollect the White Knight? how terrible he looked, when he strided into

into the haunted gallery in the bloody castle."

"Do proceed, Judith, those digressions are insupportable."

"Well, as I was a saying, you was as white as a flake of snow, and sure enough was I that it was all over with you!—O, said I, if my lord Carbery could see you now, untimely cropt like a fair flower, which he longed to wear: O! said I, (but it makes me weep to think on it,) his heart would break."

At the name of him she loved, a blush diffused itself over her lovely and expressive countenance; it was the hectic of a moment, and soon succeeded by a pensive gloom, which the fond recollection

tion of scenes connected with that name, and their melancholy issue, had brought on.

"Well, as I was a saying, my lady, as how it would break his heart, and just as we arrived at this caverner, who did you think would be sitting at the mouth of it?—but—guess my lady?"

"I cannot guess," said Elinor with impatience; "proceed Judith."

"Well, but miracles will never cease; I could scarcely credit my two living eyes; and so I rubbed them, and rubbed them again; but when he see'd it was you, Lord a mercy!"

"Whom

"Whom do you mean, Judith?—sure it cannot be—"

"As sure as you are living, my lady, it was my lord Carbery himself."

Elinor fell back upon her couch, and lost all sense and motion.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

" What lovely object meets my raptured view!
Is it a fleeting dream, or is it true?" L.

When Elinor recovered, and looked round on her attendants, how much was she delighted and surprised at seeing Carbery O'Calaghan kneeling by the side of her couch, fondly pressing her hand, which was wet with his tears; while the affectionate Judith was hanging over her with the most painful emotions, as considering her abrupt communication the cause of her disorder. The composure of her young lady having now returned, sensations of

of delight alone were felt, and joy brightened every countenance.

Elinor had many questions to ask, and Carbery as many to propose: the recital, however, may at that time be improper; he therefore, requested of his beloved Elinor, to restrain her curiosity until her spirits were more composed, when he promised to account for his conduct since they parted.

"But where are we?" said Elinor; "or, why are we immured in this strange cavern?—surely you cannot be—

A blush diffused itself over the manly countenance of the son of Glanville:—"Can my Elinor," said he, "imagine, that her Carbery would descend to any thing

thing dishonourable? No; even if I held the seeds of baseness in my breast, the celestial idea of her whom I adore would refine them into principles of honour, worthy of her who alone could inspire the soul with such sensations."

Elinor assured him he mistook her meaning:—it is true, the strange manner and means of her conduct hither, and her meeting with him in a den of robbers, where he seemed possessed of authority and influence, were matters of wonder to her; and she could not conceal her desire of an explanation.

Carbery perceiving the anxiety of her mind, briefly related all that occurred to him since that fatal day on which they were to have met by appointment: and added, that he attributed their meeting

ing at this cavern entirely to accident, or rather to the interposition of Providence: for how could he otherwise account for the mysterious manner in which Elinor, his friend Allan, and himself, were thus brought together? and they were both of one opinion, that all their misfortunes originated in the malice and base designs of Gerald.

While they were thus indulging a mutual exchange of sentiments, an unusual noise was heard at the entrance of the apartment, and in an instant Carbery felt himself prest to the bosom of his friend, who entered in the utmost agitation; but, perceiving the daughter of Desmond, he checked his impetuosity, and commanded himself with sufficient composure to salute her; but how she

came

came there he could not conjecture. Having, therefore, drawn his friend out on some pretence into the open air, and having also invited the chief of the banditti to the conference, he briefly informed them of all that passed between him and the venerable recluse of the rocks. Amazement and horror sat upon the brow of the son of Glanville;—his father's castle was, perhaps, at that moment in flames; and his sister, perhaps, in the power of an unprincipled ruffian; while he was considered as the cause of all their calamity. The singular circumstances of his friend's mysterious birth also engaged his attention, and he could not but indulge a hope, in the midst of his alarms, that all may yet be well; and that he might be able to present the friend of his heart to his father,

ther, as a son he need not be ashamed of.

On comparing their different adventures, together with the strange persecution of Elinor, they were all of opinion, that Gerald was at the head of all these nefarious proceedings; and as to the White Knight, they were agreed that he was the agent of a protecting power, to shield them from danger, and perhaps to disclose some dark transaction. They were also unanimous in their determination, that not a moment was to be lost in endeavouring to succour the chieftain of Glanville, as well as to recover his fair daughter Ella. The chief difficulty lay in concealing the business from Elinor, whose filial heart would be agonized at an idea of danger impend-

ing over a father whom she adored; and also in providing an asylum for her, until the result of their proceedings was determined.

Allan immediately mentioned the hermitage, where she would at least be secure from all danger and intrusion, though not conveniently lodged; this was agreed to: Elinor having been informed by Carbery, that a business which nearly concerned all their future prospects, required the absence of the whole party for a few days; that, in the mean time, they would commit her to the protection of a holy man that dwelt in the adjacent mountains. At first she warmly entreated that they may conduct her to the abbess of St. Hilary, but

at

at length was prevailed on to comply with their wishes; and that evening she was escorted, by Carbery and his friend, to the venerable recluse, who, being made acquainted with her name and rank, promised to exert himself to cheer her in their absence, and to keep her in ignorance of the real cause of it; and then having warmly embraced Allan, and given the friends his benediction, he assured them, that if his prayers could assist their cause, they should not be wanting.

On the return of our friends to the cavern, they were agreeably surprised to find, that the captain of the banditti had not been idle in their absence; but had all his followers marshalled in array

of

of battle, ready to march at a moment's notice, and were much more numerous than they had formed a conception of; which their leader explained, by saying, that most of his men were scattered among the neighbouring rocks, the cavern not being large enough to contain the whole band; but that they were easily collected, at a short notice: observing, at the same time, to the son of Glanville, that he could no-where find more determined adherents; for that all their hopes of re-admission into society were founded on the success of this enterprise, expecting, by their conduct, to earn his protection and good opinion.

Carbery then addressed the hardy band, and assured them, should it be

their desire to forsake their present mode of life, and return into the bosom of society, and if Heaven should crown their cause with success, he would not only assure them of his protection, but procure them a comfortable settlement on his father's territories.

A shout of applause now rent the air! and they impatiently demanded to be led immediately against his enemies, that they might convince him, by their actions, how desirous they were to merit his esteem.

Having thus testified their alacrity, they were dismissed, each to his home, for the night, with orders to appear on the same spot with the earliest dawn of

of morning, ready to march against the foe: while the captain of the band led our young friends into the cavern, to partake of some refreshments and necessary repose.

CHAP. XI.

" He came, with death, to the paths of the foe.
They fled from his course, as from a stream,
That, bursting from the stormy desart, rolls the
Fields together with all their echoing woods."

Ossian.

THE forces of Glanville, having been driven from their fastnesses, unable to withstand such superior numbers, were now rallying before the castle, against which the enemy were meditating a decisive attack. On one side, its situation, perched as it was on the summit of a stupendous cliff, at whose base ran the deep and rapid Avonmore, rendered it impregnable; but on the other side it was vulnerable. It was therefore determined,

termined, by the adherents of O'Calaghan, to stake all upon the issue of a general engagement, rather than suffer the castle to be invested.

The scouts, which arrived every moment, brought intelligence of the enemy's approach; and in a short time their glittering spears diffused an hostile glare from the summits of the surrounding hills, while their thick battalions, as they descended into the plain, covered an immense tract, and spread dismay among the adherents of O'Calaghan.

The unfortunate chieftain, from the lofty battlements, beheld the approaching deluge; not a hope remained in his bosom, of withstanding such immense numbers; destruction seemed inevit-

able: yet, for what could he feel anxious? He had now no child; he had once a son, who was the source of every joy, as well as of every present sorrow.—That son he could not now call to his aid: he was perhaps no more; or, if living, unworthy of the name which he inherited from an illustrious ancestry.

Such were the melancholy reflections of the chieftain, as he beheld the collected force of his enemy, like a cloud fraught with thunder, approach the antient castle of his fathers. He expected that cloud to burst upon his head, and the only consolation he could now enjoy was the certainty of being buried in its ruins.

The momentous day now arrived which

which was to determine the fate of the rival families: all looked upon Glanville as already lost, so trivial were his forces compared to the host which was on its march to assail him.

Gerald had now recovered from the shock which the unwelcome intrusion of the mysterious visitor had occasioned, and, spirited up by Connel, was willing to attribute the whole to some trick of his rival, whom he now understood to have effected his escape: the flight of Elinor confirmed him in this opinion. Vengeance on the house of Glanville was now the first wish of his soul, and he took the field for that purpose with all his forces.

The prince of Thomond was at the

head of a numerous army of hardy warriors, ready to avenge the insult which he supposed had been offered him by the son of Glanville, in seducing from his arms his intended spouse; and the perfidious Tyrone was now leagued with them, having a warlike clan, ready to execute any orders, or take any side he should dictate to them: add to these, the hereditary troops of Desmond, breathing destruction against the foe of their lord; and what are the hopes of Glanville, opposed to so powerful a confederacy? Alas! nought was left for him but despair! He was, however, resolved to fall with honour, and put himself at the head of his forces, encouraging all around him, and exhorting them not to yield an easy victory to their invaders.

The

The presence of their chief inspired the hardy band with fresh spirits; and they vowed, with enthusiasm, not to survive a defeat, but to fall with his fortune, and be buried in the ruins of his castle.

The formidable host of invaders now approached the small but steady band which rallied around the standard of O'Calaghan; they approached with all the confidence of an easy victory, and with sentiments of contempt for so feeble a foe. A herald now advanced, and delivered a summons requiring the chieftain of Glanville to surrender at discretion; to resign his territory into the hands of Desmond, and to become his dependent. On these conditions, and on restoring his daughter unsullied,

his powerful opponent consented to spare his life, and to protect his vassals; stipulating, moreover, that his detested son should never presume to appear in that country.

On receiving this summons, the breast of O'Calaghan was convulsed with rage and indignation.—"Go," said he to the herald, "go back to your haughty lord, tell him that the chieftain of Glanville treats his insulting summons with the contempt it merits. Cowards may exult in the hour of prosperity, and shrink in the day of danger; but the brave man is a rock, which stands unmoved in the vicissitudes of seasons, and presents the same aspect to the splendour of a vernal sun, and to the conflicting rage of wintry storms. I will fall with a dig-

a dignity becoming an antient race which was always superior to his. He may boast the advantage of base auxiliaries; he durst not confide in his own strength; he may therefore be proud of his borrowed greatness: but O'Calaghan is an aged oak, in the midst of the desart, which stands alone, and bends forward to meet the tempest that assails it."

This answer having reached the lord of Desmond, it was resolved, that an immediate attack should be made, and no quarter given to the forces of Glanville. The army was formed into three divisions: on the right, were the troops of Thomond; on the left, were the followers of Gerald; and the centre was commanded by Desmond, at the head of his

own vassals; while Tyrone formed his dependents as a corps of reserve in the rear.

On the other hand, Glanville drew up his faithful adherents into a solid body, in the form of a wedge, presenting three fronts and three acute angles to the enemy; he had also the advantage of ground, and had stationed his reserve in such a manner as to secure a retreat within the ramparts of the castle in the event of a defeat. His disposition was admirably calculated for defence, and he even began to indulge a hope of being able to repel the attacks of his assailants.

The trumpets now sounded, the cymbals glittered in the sun, and the bards sung

sung the war-song in the front of the thick battalions. The forces of Desmond advanced like the waves of ocean to the attack, while the troops of Glanville stood firm as a rock to receive them.

The charge was dreadful; spear to spear, and shield to shield; the broad falchion dealt death around in every direction. Thrice did the forces of Desmond retire, and thrice was the charge renewed with increased fury and aggravated animosity: yet the hardy adherents of Glanville stood unmoved; the wounded were conveyed into the castle, the dead removed, and their places supplied by the reserve so readily, that on each attack they presented the

the same appearance, and the same numbers to the enemy.

Desmond was astonished and enraged at this unexpected resistance; while the followers of Glanville felt their hopes revive at the success which attended them, when the fate of the day was suddenly turned by the treacherous Tyrone. During his visit at the castle, he had an opportunity of rendering himself perfectly acquainted with all the avenues leading to it; he therefore drew off a considerable body of his vassals, and, by a circuitous route, possessed himself of a narrow defile, by means of which he suddenly appeared in the rear of Glanville, and cut off his communication with the castle. The chieftain perceived his situation; he was now surrounded

on every side, and the only hope that remained was to cut his way through the Ultonians, and regain the extensive battlements. His orders were immediately issued, and a dreadful scene ensued: Tyrone opposed their retreat with all his determined spirit and malignity, while the main army pressed on them in the rear; the friends of Glanville fought with the madness of despair; their adherents in the castle made several unsuccessful sallies with the hope of relieving them. Vain were their efforts; inevitable destruction awaited them. Glanville heaved a sigh for the brave and faithful warriors, which were falling around him, thick as the leaves of the forest before the desolating blast: he wished to save a remnant of the brave, and proposed a surrender.—His adherents

rents would not hear it; they had sworn to fall with his fortunes, and should fulfill their engagement; nothing now remained for them but to rally round their chief to the last man, and sell their lives as dear as possible. At that moment, when every hope seemed abandoned, when destruction ruled the hour, and the enemy, with collected force, pressed upon them with more than savage fury, —a loud shout was heard in the rear, which Glanville imagined to be the exulting clamour of the victors, when he was astonished at hearing it returned with joy by his friends on the ramparts, who called out to him to have courage, for assistance was at hand! He cast his eyes in the rear, and saw the standard of his family floating in the air; his assailants turned from the attack to defend

fend themselves, and his friends in the castle, by a successful sally, cut their way through the panic-struck Ultonians, and joined him: Tyrone fled in confusion; Glanville rallied, and re-formed his men, and the battle was renewed with tenfold desperation. —"But, who are those," said the venerable chief, "that carry the standard of our clan? Who are those generous strangers that come to our assistance? Two heroes are in the front; their steps are marked with the blood of our enemies; death dwells upon their falchions; terror and dismay precede them. Who are those god-like men? they are fighting their way towards us, my friends; let us receive them with shouts of gratitude and joy!"

He had scarcely spoke, when he again perceived

perceived the gallant strangers advancing towards him; their swords gleamed in the confusion of the battle, like meteors in the darkness of the night: his heart beat high with expectation, as one of the leaders advanced, and grasped the hereditary banner, which always denoted the presence of the chief; he waved it in the air, and, taking off his helmet, displayed his well-known features.—A shout of enthusiastic rapture rent the air; "It is our long-lost Carbery! It is our young lord himself, that leads us on to victory!"—"And I my friends," said the other champion, taking off his casque of polished steel; "It is Allan, our lamented Allan!" was the general exclamation. "Now victory is ours!"

The

The old chieftain, overcome by such a rapid succession of ideas so much at variance, and of sensations so new and unexpected, sunk into the arms of one of his attendants. Carbery directed that he should be conveyed into the castle, while he rallied the troops, and led them on against the enemy.—On his left was Allan, leading on some enthusiastic followers, while the right wing was formed by a desperate and determined band, commanded by the captain of the banditti.

The forces of Desmond also rallied, and the two armies again approached each other. Allan soon routed the right wing of the enemy, commanded by the prince of Thomond; Tyrone advanced with his reserve to occupy the position they

they had abandoned: Allan's bosom burned with indignation at the sight of the traitor; he rejoiced at finding him within the reach of his weapon; he rushed down upon him with irresistible impetuosity, like a ponderous rock dislodged by time from the summit of the Andes, headlong it rolls along, harsh, loud, and ungovernable, as it marks its desolating course into the vale. Such was the course of Allan, and such was the destruction which marked his way through the thick ranks of the enemy.

Tyrone saw him advance; emotions of rage and pride agitated his bosom: "Is this the vulgar peasant," said he, "that aspired to be my rival in love, and would now dare to contend with me in deeds of arms? He shall now feel my superiority,

ority, and be made sensible that he owed his success at the tournament to accident alone.

The rivals now engaged in mortal conflict; the combat was long and dubious. Fate held the scales with an unsteady hand; at length the good fortune of Allan predominated, and the balance was turned in his favour: Tyrone lay disarmed and wounded on the ground. "Now, wretch!" said Allan, "you have received the reward of your perfidy; I am no stranger to the base arts by which you effected my disgrace, nor to the malignity with which you sought my destruction; but I scorn to exult over a fallen foe: my own injuries I can forgive, and your life I spare, on condition

condition that you restore to her father's arms the fair daughter of Glanville."

"You know not the son of Ulster," said the haughty chieftain; "he scorns a life which a base peasant can bestow." —Fortune is at your side, but Tyrone is superior to the caprice of fortune, and, even in death, will triumph over an enemy he detests; for know, presumptuous slave, that the daughter of Glanville is so disposed of, that if ever you behold her, it will be on her bier."

"O say not so!" said Allan; "O, tell me where she is? You shall not only live, but be the friend of my bosom, if you but restore her safe to those arms."

"Fond boy!" replied Tyrone, "your hopes

hopes are vain ; I struggle with a mortal wound, but I die revenged : I have secured your misery." At these words his guilty frame shook in the agonies of death, and he fell into convulsions, which terminated his existence."

"There fled," exclaimed Allan, "as dark a soul as ever departed from the confines of mortality !"

The adherents of Tyrone, on beholding the fall of their chieftain, fled towards the mountains of Mona, while Allan improved his success, and pursued them with vigour.

Meantime, in the centre the battle raged with violence ; though the forces of Desmond were still much superior to those

those of Glanville, yet the name of Carbery operated with talismanic power on the courage and spirits of his vassals.—Their opponents soon gave way, and it was with difficulty that the son of O'Calaghan could save the life of the hereditary foe of his house: but he was also the father of his adored Elinor, and happy did he esteem himself in being instrumental in saving a life so dear to the object of his fondest affections; for, at a moment when a deadly blow was aimed at the venerable chieftain, he suddenly interposed his own person, and, in averting the stroke from its object, received a considerable wound in his arm.

Desmond perceived the generosity of the action; a gleam of satisfaction burst through the gloom of disappointment,

like a wandering sun-beam through a wintry cloud; but the beam soon vanished, and the gloom of his mind returned, when he considered that it was the act of an O'Calaghan, and that he owed his life to the heir of a rival family, and to the seducer of his daughter.

"Sir," said he to Carbery, "I wish I could thank you for this action; but my wrongs are too great, and my disappointment too bitter, at the close of a life spent in the battles of my country; I yield to a boy in arms. This is the severity of fortune!"

"My lord," replied the son of Glanville, "your thanks I require not; a good action brings with it an inesti-

mable reward; a treasure of sweet reflection to the mind: and as to those wrongs you complain of, I trust you will find that they are the phantoms of a prejudiced imagination.

"Sir," replied the vanquished chieftain, "I am your prisoner! I am therefore not in a mood, nor in a situation to argue with you.—Lead me where you please; perhaps to glut the eyes of an inveterate rival with the prospect of my chains."

"You are free as air, my lord," said Carbery with emotion, (at the same time binding up his wound,) "and be assured, that the son of O'Calaghan could not bear to see you a captive under that roof, where he would feel such pride and such

such pleasure to welcome you as a friend." At these words he drew off his forces, and suffered the chieftain of Desmond to retire among his friends.

Gerald, who perceived that the battle was lost, endeavoured to retire with his troops, which formed the left wing; but was prest so closely by the captain of the banditti with his determined followers, that all his efforts were vain; they fought for some time with the utmost fury; at length the followers of Gerald gave way, and the hardy band, with a shout, proclaimed their victory; Gerald was wounded and taken prisoner.

The rout now was general, the scattered auxiliaries fled beyond the hills, and

the troops of Glanville pitched their tents upon the field of battle; the festive shell was pushed round, and the songs of the bards arose, rich with the deeds of heroes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

"How quickly changed the scene—how calm—how fair,
Where lately waved the banners of despair." L—

THE morning rose with splendour to the eyes of Glanville; he looked down with exultation on the tents of his victorious friends.—No hostile standard waved on the hills of Mona; and the seat of his revered ancestors, which ere this he expected to have seen humbled to the dust, still upreared its stately form with an air of pristine independence, while its glittering turrets were burnished with the enlivening rays of the rising sun. While he was thus yet reflecting on this subject, he perceived

his son, attended by a gallant cavalcade, approach the castle: he rushed forward to embrace him; the joy of his heart was great, but a cloud of discontent suddenly interposed itself in the form of Elinor of Desmond. "Is it possible," said the chieftain, as his mind fluctuated between joy, doubt, and resentment, "is it possible that the son of my heart should disgrace himself by an alliance with an inveterate foe, who has so recently manifested such determined malignity against my family? No, it cannot be! I shall not cast a shade on the sun-shine of my present fortune by such dark suspicions."

The cavalcade now drew nigh; the gates flew open, and shouts of rapture ascended to the skies, as the venerable chieftain

chieftain prest his victorious son to his bosom.

"My father," said the affectionate Carbery, "my loved, my honoured father! Thank Heaven, I behold you once more superior to the hostile efforts of your enemies!—My conduct, I know, appears mysterious to you; but, when you learn that I have escaped from the dungeon of despair, and the poniard of an assassin, I trust you will then be convinced, that your son could not repose in quiet while his father was surrounded with dangers; you will also be convinced that the alleged cause of this invasion is false. But for this you must not blame the lord of Desmond; he has been deceived, like you, by a wretch who is now in our power, who has con-

spired against my life, and against your fortune, as well as against the peace and interests of the man of whom he professed himself the friend."

"Whom meanest thou, my son?" said Glanville, "does such a wretch exist?"

"Scarcely exists," replied Carbery; "he is mortally wounded, and our prisoner: but, before he expires, I trust we shall be able to extort from him such confessions of guilt, as shall not only strike you with horror and astonishment, but also excuse the conduct of lord Desmond in this late invasion, as it was entirely owing to the base and insidious arts of the gloomy Gerald, the chieftain of Dromore.

"Nothing

"Nothing can excuse it," said Glanville, contracting his resentful brows: "But where is Allan?" said he; "have I also been deceived respecting him?—Would it could be proved! for his brave services merit my esteem and gratitude."

The manner in which he left this house, loaded with contempt and unmerited ignominy, has not been such as to invite him to a speedy return; he is in the camp, smarting with the wounds he received in your cause, but much more with a recollection of past injuries. Much has he suffered since he left this roof; his sufferings have only tended to exalt his character, and prove him worthy of the most distinguished

alliance, as I am confident his birth also entitles him to it."

"You speak mysteriously, my son; the offspring of Randal, a lowly vassal, entitled to the most distinguished alliance!"

"He is not the son of Randal!" exclaimed Carbery: "we have more than conjecture to assure us he is of noble birth; but a very little time will unravel the mystery."

"Would to heaven it may prove true! and that I had my Ella to reward him with." Here his emotions were so violent as to alarm Carbery, who endeavoured to compose him, and to cheer him

him with the hope of soon seeing her restored to him.—"The wretch, Tyrone, is no more," said Carbery; "he has fallen by the hand of Allan; and, even in death, maintained the gloomy character of his mind, refusing to give any information respecting my sister; but we shall not leave an inch of his principality without the most scrutinizing search for her."

"O, may it be successful!" exclaimed the agitated chieftain.—"But haste," added he to one of his attendants, "haste to the camp, and inform the gallant Allan, that O'Calaghan hopes he will forget the past, and honour the banquet with his presence."

The messenger flew, well pleased with

his commission; for Allan was the idol of the domestics, and joy diffused itself throughout the whole castle, no less on his account, than for the return of their young lord. Randal was nearly frantic with joy; but his joy was damped, on his arrival at the camp, to find that he was absent, having withdrawn, with a select party, on some secret expedition; he therefore returned in a melancholy mood with the messenger to the castle.

Carbery now introduced the captain of the banditti to the old chief, who received him with great cordiality as the benefactor of his son, and as having so materially contributed to the attaining of victory. At the same time he lamented, that a man of such superior talents and courage should be compelled

by

by misfortunes to embrace so hazardous and uncomfortable a means of livelihood, and freely offered him not only his protection, but a considerable tract of land for himself and adherents, where he hoped to see them flourish in the arts of industry, which he would not fail to cherish.

"My lord," replied the stranger, "I accept for myself and my companions your generous offer, with gratitude. At present I must be content to appear in an unfavourable point of view, but I trust in a little time to convince you, that appearances are not always to be considered as the just criterion of character; I shall endeavour to prove myself not altogether unworthy of your favour.

Glanville

Glanville now descended into the plain, accompanied by his son and a numerous suite of domestics; he was welcomed in the camp with loud congratulations, and, in an appropriate speech, returned thanks to those gallant adherents who so bravely defended him, and so suddenly retorted terror and dismay on his invaders: at the same time he cautioned them against a relaxation of discipline; vigilance was still necessary to prevent a surprize, and to secure the advantages of that victory, which they had so wonderfully achieved against such superior numbers. He then directed scouts and patroling parties to be stationed among the surrounding hills, and, having ordered a sumptuous entertainment for his brave and faithful vassals, he returned to the castle, attended by the chief warriors,

riors, whom he had invited to partake of a splendid banquet.

The song of the bard was soon heard in the grand hall of state, and the board being loaded with the most exquisite viands, the guests took their seats, the exhilarating cup went round, and festive mirth proclaimed the triumph of their chieftain, and the joyous return of the heir of Glanville: nothing seemed wanting to render their happiness complete, but the presence of Allan, and the fair daughter of O'Calaghan. A sigh stole from his bosom, but he hastily suppressed it: his daughter was dear to his heart, and he determined to lose no time in regaining her; but he wished not to damp the present festivity: he therefore counterfeited a satisfaction he did

not

not feel.—Carbery perceived and sympathised with his father's emotions; the tear rose to his manly eye, but he wiped it off unseen, and seizing a cup, drank "To the memory of the brave that fell in battle." The toast was drank with an enthusiastic applause, softened by a sigh of regret; while the bard touched the expressive strings to the deeds of the heroes.

The shades of night now descended, the castle was illuminated with splendour and taste, while the fires blazed in the plain below, and the loud murmurs of the rejoicing camp were wafted on the breeze; the sentinels, with hollow voices, passed the word upon the ramparts, and the regent of the night, attended by her starry train, seemed in unison

unison with their joy, and hung out her refulgent lamp in the heavens, imparting a silvery gleam of light to wood and water, and fringing the blue summits of the distant hills with a wreath of glory.

Meantime the troops of Desmond, which survived the defeat, entered his territory in disorder; the Ultonians directed their course towards Ulster, and the vassals of Dromore, in the utmost confusion, separated from the main body, and sought refuge among their native mountains. The prince of Thomond still adhered to the interests of Desmond; and, having collected his scattered forces, he encamped near the castle of his friend, determined to defend it to the last extremity, if Glanville should retort, and make an irruption.

Desmond

Desmond entered his castle in a melancholy mood, where he found father Ambrose consoling the trembling Theresa; for the news of his defeat had arrived before him—evil tidings travel fast.

Theresa, in a long speech, declaimed on the bad consequences of flirting, and the heavenly charms of chastity; while poor Elinor was loaded with abuse as the cause of all their misfortunes, by gadding after young men, and neglecting her counsel, and despising her example.

The monk laughed in his sleeve, but agreed with her, while Desmond peevishly exclaimed—"Yes, sister, an example of necessity!"

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

" He comes, the champion comes in glitt'ring arms,
To rescue from despair her glowing charms." L—

FAR in the wilds of Ulster, embossomed in a dreary wood, stood the castle of Glandarra, a neglected hunting seat of the family of O'Neil; thither the lovely Ella was conveyed by the orders of Tyrone, intending to follow and enjoy the victim of his treachery in security, as soon as the destruction of Glanville was accomplished, as he should then have no fear of interruption.

Lonely and sad were the hours of Ella,

Ella, as she looked through the narrow casement which admitted light to an old and dreary apartment, devoid of common conveniencies; her keeper, who was a staunch partizan of his young lord, watched her with the most jealous attention: he was a man of a scowling aspect, of a middle age, and no doubt properly qualified for, and accustomed to the situation he was employed in: there was also a woman, much of the same age, who seemed a broken-hearted creature, subject to the will of her brutal keeper, and whose business it was to wait on her, but who preserved the most impenetrable silence, influenced perhaps by terror; as Ella, notwithstanding all her entreaties, threats, and promises, could not obtain the smallest information respecting the situation of the place,

or

or the person in whose power she was; for she was carried off so suddenly from her father's castle, at the time when her nuptials were determined on with Tyrone, that she began to indulge a hope that it was Allan who had recourse to this deperate expedient, to save her from so odious a connection; but her arrival at that dismal pile, and the little ceremony and attention she was treated with, soon expelled the fond idea she had formed; which was succeeded by a dark suspicion, which rested on the treachery of Tyrone. Yet how could she account for his absence? Why did he not appear, and confirm her worst suspicions? Suspense was dreadful; and yet if her apprehensions were right, a certainty would be much worse; for what could be so horrible as a life of solitude in this

lonely pile, subject to the brutal passion of a tyrant she detested?

Such were the melancholy reflections which occupied the mind of Ella from day to day, interrupted only when the gloomy keeper made his visits of precaution, and looked with an attentive eye to every bolt and bar of her prison; or when the woman came to adjust her wretched apartment, and bring her provisions, which were not always palatable.

One night, when all was still, she arose from her sleepless couch, and stole gently to her solitary casement, and heavy with her woes, gazed upon the full-orbed moon in solemn silence, thinking on the youth she loved, and

attending

attending her thoughts with tears. Nought was to be heard but the murmuring of the surrounding trees as they wayed before the rustling breeze, or the dismal note of the screech-owl, as it flapped its wings against the battlements preparing for its midnight excursion; when a sudden gleam of armour caught her eye, from a clump of beech-wood opposite her window. At first her heart sunk within her bosom: "Perhaps," said she, in the anguish of her soul; "perhaps it is Tyrone returning, in his pride, to sport with the feelings of the unfortunate victim of his treachery." Little did she then imagine that he was wandering a melancholy ghost on that dreary shore from whence there is no return!—In a little time she observed a figure advance, and stopping under her

window, it waved a plume of feathers, taken from its helmet; it seemed the action of a friend, and hope revived in her bosom: she now perceived him take a billet from his bosom and press it to his lips; she tied some strings, torn from her garments, together, and having forced the line through a narrow aperture in the casement, she had the pleasure of seeing the billet fastened to it: she immediately drew it up, and read as follows, the moon having just then emerged from a cloud, and favoured her with its friendly light:

"Beloved lady!—Deliverance is at hand, your tyrant is no more: be not alarmed at the assault of the castle; our party is numerous and brave: but, to guard against the treachery of your keeper,

keeper, secure your door on the inside, in such a manner as to baffle all his efforts to gain admission, and open it not until you hear the well-known accents of a friend:—when the door is sufficiently secured, make a signal from the casement."

Ella, on reading these lines, felt a succession of ideas, at once alarming and delightful; hope, doubt, and terror, alternately swayed her bosom.—Whose could the well-known accents be? The sweet accents of him she loved were recalled to her memory;—perhaps they were the same,—perhaps she should soon distinguish the well-known accents of her Allan!

She stole softly to the door; the moon

still befriended her, and shone full upon it; she examined it attentively; she was confident it was fastened on the outer side with such care, that, in the confusion of an assault, it would require a considerable time even for her keeper to open it; and, to her inexpressible joy, she perceived a ponderous chain inside, which 'till then had escaped her notice, and which hung neglected; the apartment having been of late a place of confinement, rather than a position of defence. She drew the chain across the door, which was strongly plated with iron, and having secured it by strong staples which projected from the solid stone, she returned to the casement, and waved a white signal to her friends.

In an instant a numerous band rushed from

from the opposite side of the wood; their polished armour gleamed beneath the light of the moon; the castle was invested on all sides, and the assault commenced with violence.

Ella stood trembling at the door of her apartment, as she heard the surly keeper start from his couch, and bellow with rage through the castle: at the same instant a loud alarm bell was heard, which intimated to the assailants that the castle was not without an external guard of defence. This conjecture was soon confirmed, by a well armed party issuing from an avenue which intersected the forest, and who rushed upon the besiegers; the assault was, therefore, for a time suspended, and a desperate con-

test ensued between the contending forces, on the plain before the castle.

Ella stood trembling at the casement; she witnessed the dreadful conflict with emotions of horror, of hope, and of fear, as either party prevailed. She could distinguish one cavalier beyond the rest; his helmet was shaded with sable plumes, and his form and action recalled the accomplished Allan to her mind; wherever he appeared, she saw her enemies give way, and victory soon declared itself in favour of the friends of virtue: the remnant of her foes fled back into the wood, and the castle was again assaulted with vigour.

The joy of Ella was great, on witness-

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ing the triumph of her brave deliverers; but terror soon succeeded, on hearing the approach of her gloomy keeper, vociferating, as he hastily attempted to open the door of her apartment, the most horrid imprecations, and swearing that they should not have her alive.

Ella staggered to her couch overwhelmed with horror; she heard the first bolt removed, the bar was torn away with violence, and the key turned in the complicated lock:—at this moment the gates of the castle gave way, and the assailants rushed in, and filled all the passages, while a strong party remained as a guard on the outside: a light was now struck, and torches blazed in every direction—"Ah!" said the gloomy

keeper, "your triumph shall be short-lived; I shall die revenged, and faithful to my trust:—this instant she shall perish." At these words he pushed against the door, which he imagined would fly open at his touch; but, what was his rage and astonishment to find it firmly secured on the inside! he pushed with such violence that the apartment shook under the terrified Ella, who sunk back on her couch in a state of insensibility.

The victorious assailants, directed by the sound which the rough efforts of the truculent keeper had made, soon advanced upon him, while he collected all his force, and plunged with desperation against the door; the iron plates gave way

way in many places, and the door itself cracked in the centre, but the ponderous chain held firm, and resisted all his vain exertions.

The friends of Ella now drew so near upon him, he was compelled to turn and defend himself, but was soon dispatched by a multitude of wounds.

Allan now approached the door, and gently requested of Ella to open it to her friends: no answer was returned, though the same request was several times repeated; he was extremely alarmed at her silence, and called for a battle-axe to batter down the door; but was restrained by the suggestions of his friends, who observed, that any in-

creased violence may increase her terror, as it was probable she had fainted with the horror of her apprehensions of danger: silence was therefore recommended, and in a short time they heard her sigh heavily; speech soon returned, and she exclaimed, "O Heavens! where am I?"

"You are safe, beloved lady," said Allan, rejoiced at the sound of her voice; "your enemies are vanquished, and you are protected by your friends; be not alarmed, but admit us."

"O God! what accents are these?" said Ella; "they have long been strangers to these ears: yes," said she, staggering towards the door, "I feel confident of protection when such a valued

friend

friend is near me." With trembling hands she attempted to unhook the chain, which at length she effected with difficulty; the door flew open, and she fell into the arms of Allan.

The woman now came forward, begging for mercy, and declaring that she acted by compulsion. Allan permitted her to pass unmolested, as Ella entreated for her safety, while one of the attendants produced a paper from the pocket of the keeper, which explained the last words of the infamous Tyrone:—"If ever you see her, it shall be on her bier." For in this note he gave the horrid order, "To put her to death in case any attempt was made to rescue her."

Ella returned thanks to Heaven and her brave deliverers; the victorious troop set fire to the castle, and proceeded with their fair prize towards the territory of Glanville.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

"I will confess my crimes, and as I bend
In penitence—with hope survey my end."

"As the sun issues from the gloom of night,
So shall their fortunes rise serenely bright."

THE gloomy Gerald languished in his tent a prisoner in the enemy's camp; death seemed to repress the fatal blow for some salutary purpose: he called upon Connel, but the dark confidant of his crimes had fallen in the battle, thereby receiving a more honourable death than he deserved. Gerald had now no friend to comfort him: he looked to his past life; what a dreadful retrospect!

A murdered brother rose to his feverish imagination, with all the circumstances of horror which attended that foul deed; an infant nephew, given into the hands of an executioner, also rose to his guilty view, smiling at the dagger that was preparing to drink its blood.—"O conscience, conscience!" exclaimed Gerald, "what are thy stings! O ambition! what have I not sacrificed at thy shrine? and what return hast thou made me?—O weight of misery!"

The arrival of Glanville was now announced to the wounded chieftain; he entered attended by his son. The sight of the latter threw Gerald into the most violent emotions; he could not bear to look upon a man he had so much and so wantonly injured: at length, recover-

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ing himself a little, "If you are come to reproach me with your wrongs, you are welcome," said he; "you cannot add a pang to the tortures which I feel already: many and great are my crimes, foul crimes, beyond the reach of mercy."

"The fortune of war," replied Glanville, "has placed you in honourable hands; we come not to insult, but to comfort you; and the symptoms of penitence you display must strengthen our intentions."

"Comfort!" exclaimed Gerald, "comfort for a murderer! comfort from those I have so grossly injured!—yes, my lord, I find an additional pang may be added by unmerited generosity."

At

At that moment the treacherous tournament, the Castle of Dromore, with all its dungeons—the wrongs of Elinor herself—all, all vanished from the memory of Carbery, while the tear of commiseration rose to his manly eye:—"Despair not, my lord," said he; "I trust you will yet live long enough to do much good, and thereby counterbalance the former evils which passion might have prompted you to commit."

"My days are but few in this world; I can do no good," said Gerald: "but, yet, (he added, after a pause,) there is one object which I have a hope of effecting, which would make some compensation for the injuries I have done you:—Does Elinor of Desmond exist?"

"She

"She does, in safety!" replied Carbery.

Glanville started at the name; "What, my son!" said he, "and do you really know any thing of that girl?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Carbery; "but perhaps lord Gerald could explain the matter more to your satisfaction."

"I can," said Gerald, "though to my own shame and confusion: it was I, (addressing himself to Glanville,) that stole away the daughter of Desmond, while I pretended to be his friend; at the same time that I had your son conveyed away by armed men, to give a sanction to the report which I so industriously circulated, that he had taken her

her off, and, by imposing on the confidence, credulity, and pride of Desmond, I fomented this war, with the hopes of bringing ruin on both parties, and reaping the reward of treachery in security: but I perceive the guilty cannot prosper, and I have met with the reward I merited; but if lord Desmond exists, pray send for him, that I may die more at ease when I explain my conduct. O may my death be productive of some good, by uniting two houses worthy of each other's friendship!—Do send for lord Desmond; tell him it is the last request of Gerald."

"Then I must retire," said Glanville; "I cannot bear to see the man who so lately endeavoured to effect my ruin."

"He

"He was smarting," said Gerald, "under the supposition of the most grievous wrongs; it was all owing to my impositions:—Oh what crimes have not I to answer for!"

"At all events," replied Glanville, "he is the object of my hereditary enmity."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Gerald, "the words of a dying man must be sincere: I will call it an hereditary folly;—you are neighbours, unite, and you will be invincible; but, by division and feuds, you will weaken each other, and become the prey of the ambitious, who will not fail to avail themselves of an opportunity to destroy you:—but

my

my moments are precious,—do send for lord Desmond."

Carbery followed up the arguments of Gerald with the most persuasive language; and at length the chieftain yielded to their entreaties, and a polite message was sent to lord Desmond, in the name of Gerald, and with assurances of safety on the part of Glanville, inviting him to a conference, on business of the utmost importance to him.

A herald was immediately dismissed with a flag of truce, and Desmond, who placed the greatest confidence in Gerald, and who also was convinced that Glanville, though an enemy, was superior to an act of cowardice or treachery, soon arrived

arrived in the camp, attended by the prince of Thomond and the most distinguished of his warriors. The principal adherents of Gerald were also summoned to attend him at this awful crisis.

At this moment a messenger whispered Carbery; he flew to the castle, where he found the venerable recluse had arrived with his fair charge, having learned the fate of the battle. Carbery disposed of Elinor in a remote wing of the castle, in which he wished her to remain (having procured her every necessary attendance and convenience,) in secret, until he saw what would result from the meeting of the rival chiefs, and the confessions of Gerald. He then returned to the camp, attended by the hermit, whose religious habit was concealed

cealed by a large garment, and, on arriving, he found the principal friends of the three clans assembled, in order to hear the communication of the chieftain of Dromore.

A shout of joy in the camp now drew off their attention; Glanville inquired the cause, and rapture thrilled his bosom, and the hearts of his friends, on being informed that the gallant Allan had arrived with the lady Ella, whom he had rescued from a solitary castle of the gloomy Tyrone. Randal flew to meet the child of his heart, his adored Allan; while Ella was alternately folded in the arms of a father and a brother, who were so truly dear to her, and the whole camp greeted her return with loud congratulations: even Desmond felt the soft con-

tagion,

tagion, and participated in the joy of his enemy; but the tear of paternal solicitude rose in his eye, when he thought on his beloved Elinor, and he could not repress a look of indignation which was directed towards the son of O'Calaghan.

Glanville, having satisfied the first emotions of paternal affection, then turned to Allan, who received him in a manner at once modest, reserved, and dignified. "My friend," said the chieftain, "I am confident will consign all past grievances to oblivion; he is sincerely welcome to this territory, where O'Calaghan shall endeavour to convince him, that his gallant services can never be forgotten, or under-rated."

"I have but done my duty," replied Allan, in the most respectful manner, "and my reward will be great in being restored to your good opinion."

They were here interrupted by a message from Gerald, who requested their immediate attendance, as his strength was failing him, and he wished in time to communicate his sentiments.

The whole party now returned to the tent; Allan was conducted by the chief of the banditti to a back seat, where they could hear without being particularly observed.

Gerald now began his story, by saying, he was influenced by a wish to make every reparation in his power,

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in a full confession of the crimes he had committed: he then, with the most dreadful emotions of horror, related, that, instigated by jealousy and ambition, he conspired against the life of his brother Conrad, and, assisted by a wretch named Connel, who was now no more, an who principally prompted him to the infernal deed, he effected his horrid purpose by stabbing him as he sat at supper. "There were present," said Gerald, "besides my unfortunate brother, father Justin of the monastery of Morne, a person named Galvin, who attended him, and a relation of our family named Aulif; Justin was in the plot, and Aulif we intended to dispatch to prevent discovery, but he effected his escape, and has never since been heard of: Galvin we confided in as the confi-

dant

dant of Justin. My brother was hastily interred; we gave out that he died suddenly, and though his vassals murmured, yet their favour was soon regained by some advantages I allowed them, which put a stop to all further enquiry into the subject.

"My brother had then a child about a year old, whose birth occasioned the death of his mother; he was the only obstacle to my having the sole possession of the object of my wishes; I flew to the couch where the innocent reposed; I lifted the dagger yet reeking with his father's blood—he smiled at me in his sleep; wretch as I was I could not strike, the dagger fell from my hand!—I then took up the infant, wrapped as he was in a velvet mantle,

and

and gave him to the arms of Justin, who promised to dispatch him for me, and I have not a doubt but he performed his obligation—Would to Heaven he had not! I would give worlds to have him restored to those eyes; I may then depart more at ease, having secured to him his just inheritance."

Here he was so much affected he could not proceed, while the whole company were struck with horror at the recital; and, notwithstanding their detestation of such crimes, yet could not but feel some pity for a wretch smarting under the excruciating tortures of remorse:

At length, recovering himself, he proceeded.

"Having now attained to the object of my ambition, and assumed the honours of my ancestors, I lived in gloom and retirement, for they were most congenial to my mind, and seldom went beyond the bounds of my own territory; my principal society was among the monks at the neighbouring monastery, and chiefly Juſtin was my confidant and favourite.

"It happened one day, as I was returning to my castle, I met the sister and the daughter of lord Desmond, as they were visiting the monastery.—I was struck with the beauty of the latter, as well as by the dazzling prospect of becoming the proprietor of those extensive domains, which she (as an only child) must one day inherit. I knew the dis-

parity

parity of our ages, as well as fortunes, would be an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of my wishes.—I also knew the character of lord Desmond—that he loved his daughter, and would reject my proposals with indignation. At all events I determined to have her, and, as I saw no fair prospect of success, I resolved to have recourse to the arts of deception.

"By the address of Justin, I soon became acquainted with Theresa in her frequent visits to Morne, whither she was generally attended by her lovely niece; and in consequence of some polite attentions I paid her, at length received an invitation to visit Desmond Castle: here I discovered that a partiality existed in the bosom of Elinor for the son of

O'Calaghan, which was as warmly returned by him. I concealed this knowledge from the world, and, stung with jealousy, I determined on his death."

Here Gerald detailed his treacherous attempt on the life of Carbery at the tournament; the interposition of Elinor, whom he wounded in the arm; the various arts he practised to gain the confidence of Desmond, and to enrage him against the house of Glanville; how he carried off Elinor to his castle, with a design to bend her to his purposes; at the same time that he contrived to seize on the person of Carbery, and immure him in a dreary dungeon with intent to put him to death; and how he convinced lord Desmond that his daughter was carried off by the son of

Glanville,

Glanville, which occasioned the dreadful war which lately raged in this territory. He then, with emotions of horror, recounted the horrid apparitions in his castle, and the supernatural means by which he was prevented from executing his base designs on Elinor, as well as his intent on the life of Carbery; and, lastly, the mysterious manner in which they effected their escape; at which being enraged, he collected his forces with a determination of revenging himself on the house of O'Calaghan. He also added, if his first plan had succeeded, and he had gained Elinor as his bride, it was his intention to unite the domains of Desmond, and of Glanville, to his own, by the death of Carbery, and the right of conquest. "But," said Gerald, with a groan, "the guilty can-

not prosper, the image of a murdered brother has ever hovered in my view, has interposed its scouling visage, and blasted every undertaking."

The whole assembly were shocked at the recital of such crimes; the noble intrepidity of Elinor, in risking her life to save that of his son, rose to the mind of Glanville; he admired, he esteemed her for the action. At the same moment the unjust aggression he had committed rose to the reflection of Desmond; he had deluged a country with the horrors of war in consequence of mere suspicion, and through a foolish credulity in the base suggestions of Gerald. He was sensible of the wrongs he had done the house of Glanville, and the noble conduct of the intrepid Carbery whis-

pered

pered to his heart, that he was worthy of its affections.

For the first time the rival chieftains looked on each other with complacency; —the look was infectious, it was caught by the whole company, and a shout of exultation burst from the warriors of each. Gerald rose on his couch; an expression of pleasure shot across his languid features; he requested of lord Desmond to approach him; he took his hand, and then made the same request to Glanville, which was complied with; he also took his hand, and holding each, thus addressed them:

"My lords, in the presence of our respective warriors, I have endeavoured to compensate, in some measure, for the

injury I have done you, by undeceiving you with regard to your supposed causes of complaint against each other, which were chiefly owing to my designs on the fortunes of both parties: I have but a few hours to live; I can have no object now in deceiving you; I wish to draw good from evil; and, if you have any regard for your own happiness, or for the last request of a penitent wretch, you will soften the agony of death, by burying all past animosity in oblivion: ye are worthy of each other's friendship and alliance; unite the interests of your houses, and you will be invincible." Having thus spoke, he joined their hands amid a tumult of applause; the pressure was returned with warmth on both sides; Carbery was half frantic with joy; the chieftains were so much affected, that some

some time elapsed before either could articulate; at length Desmond spoke as follows:

"My lord, I acknowledge the error into which I have been led by false representations, and the unjust aggression which I have made on you.—I am indebted to this gallant youth (said he, taking the hand of Carbery), for life and liberty; and, as a compensation for the wrongs I have done him, I adopt him as my heir; and when I recover my lost daughter, if you sanction the choice he has made, she shall be his, for he deserves her."

"With all my soul I do!" exclaimed Glanville with emotion, "and may

our past feuds be forgotten in the loves of Carbery and Elinor!"

A shout of joy burst from the delighted auditors; the hermit slipped out, and hastening to the castle, soon returned attended by Elinor and Ella; he threw off his outer garments, and in his religious dress presented her to Desmond—"I restore your daughter to your arms," said he, "safe and unsullied; dispose of her as you think proper."

Desmond prest her to his heart, and awhile indulged in the luxury of paternal feelings; then turning to Carbery, he took a hand of each and joined them; "You are worthy of each other," he

he exclaimed; "may ye live long and happy!"

Elinor now turned to Glanville, and knelt; he raised her to his bosom with rapture; and declared his son must have been blind or insensble to have seen her, and not to love her.

The joyous tidings flew along the camp, and on every side these rapturous exclamations were heard; "The houses of Glanville and Desmond are united!"

Gerald now addressed the chieftains: he congratulated them on the event which had taken place; he felt the icy approach of death, and as he, alas! had no heir of his antient race to leave his possessions to, as a compensation for the

injuries he had done Carbery, he bequeathed to him his possessions.

"Thou canst not!" said a voice in the rear; "the lawful heir lives to enjoy them."

Gerald started on his couch, and exclaimed—"Do my senses deceive me? What sounds are those I hear—is it possible?"

At this moment the captain of the banditti advanced, and taking off his helmet, sternly asked Gerald—"Dost thou know me?"—"Ha! thou art Galvin," said the astonished chieftain; "Justin told me thou wert long since consigned to the earth."

"I yet

"I yet live to his confusion; he sought my death, but Providence preserved me to be the guardian of that child which you committed to his murderous hands."

"Does the boy exist?" said Gerald, wildly staring.

"He does," said Galvin, "and is worthy of the honours which await him."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Gerald, falling back upon his couch in an hysteric laugh.

The whole assembly were now seized with astonishment and pleasure, when they saw the captain of the banditti lead

lead the graceful Allan towards the couch.

Gerald was just recovered from his fit; he looked up, and wildly gazing, exclaimed, "It is he, it is my brother from the grave!" He shook upon his couch with horror; but at length regaining some composure, and being weakened by his violent emotions, he lay calmly contemplating the youth who bent over him with tears of pity, while Galvin thus addressed him:

"On the dreadful night when you committed that foul deed, which now shakes your soul with terror, Justin gave the infant to me, with orders to drown it in the Clydah: the cherub smiled so sweetly in my face that I de-

termined to save it; and taking advantage of a superstitious notion which prevailed in the country, I procured a plated suit of armour, and personating what the vulgar imagined to be the White Knight, I took the infant, on a tempestuous night, (which added horror to the scene,) and laid him near the door of an honest peasant, who was attracted by its cries, and hastened to its assistance; it was then, as if by a supernatural order, I made him swear to protect it, and he religiously fulfilled his engagement: he reared it with tenderness, and the surrounding inhabitants considered the promising youth as the son of Randal."

He then related the various adventures of Allan, whose safety he still watched over,

over, in the form of the White Knight; he related his confinement in the monastery, where Justin, who discovered him in the chapel by his resemblance to his murdered father, intended to have put him to death; "but," said Galvin, "having been acquainted with all the secret springs and passages of the monastery, I effected his deliverance in a manner, which, seeming supernatural, impressed them with terror. It was in the same manner, and by the assistance of a few of the banditti, (with whom I became accidentally acquainted, and who elected me as their chief,) that I succeeded in terrifying you in your castle, every secret pass of which I was acquainted with; and by this means I assembled Carbery, Allan, and Elinor together in my cavern, from whence we came

came here in time to succour the chieftain of Glanville: I came here to reproach you, but your penitence has softened me into compassion:—this is the heir of your house, (said he, taking Allan by the hand,) acknowledge him as such."

Gerald raised himself on his couch, but fell back with weakness; he was therefore supported by his attendants:—"The child," said he, "had a mark on his left breast; let me see his bosom."

Allan made bare his bosom, and displayed the well-known mark.

"Ha!" said Gerald, "it is the same; his features were sufficient to convince me, but this is proof positive:"—"but,"

"but," added he, faultering, "how can he forgive the assassin of his father."

"Penitence is acceptable to Heaven," replied Allan; "from my soul I forgive you."

"His voice too!" said Gerald, "his very accents revived:—O Providence! Almighty Providence!"

Randal now arrived with the basket, the velvet robe, and ornaments which he found with the child:—they were immediately recognized by Gerald, with emotions of the most painful recollection: he had just strength sufficient to call out to his principal chieftains who attended,—"That is your lawful lord; obey

obey him:"—and having thus acknowledged him, he fell into convulsions, which terminated his existence.

The company withdrew from the gloomy scene, and returned to the castle, where Allan, whose real name was Conrade Fitzgerald, received the homage of his new subjects, and the congratulations of his friends; the foremost of which was Glanville, who led up the blushing Ella, and joining her hand with that of her gallant deliverer, gave them his parental benediction amidst the rapturous plaudits of the company.

The hermit now disclosed himself as Aulif, the relation of Gerald, who escaped the daggers of that bloody knight, and lived ever since retired in the mountains;

tains; he pressed the young chieftain of Dromore to his heart, proud to recognize him as a relation.

A guard was now dispatched to seize Justin, who, on being apprized of what was passing, had fled, and all declared him not worth looking after; as the stings of his own conscience must prove a sufficient punishment.

In a few days the hands of Carbery and Elinor were joined in sacred bands; and the same day gave Ella to the happy arms of her delighted Conrade. Randal was wild with excessive joy; and festive hilarity prevailed among the united clans.

Galvin, and his hardy associates, took possession

possession of a large tract of land, lying partly in the territory of Dromore, and part in Glanville, where they exercised the arts of industry, under the protection of their grateful friends.

Aulif, who wished to live retired, was appointed to the superintendance of the monastery of Morne, where he introduced many salutary regulations, and effected a complete reform: while Theresa retired, to the no small mortification of Ambrose, to the abbey of St. Hillary.

The united houses flourished in peace and prosperity, and their descendants, to this day, are as blessings to the country, displaying, in the history of their race, the evils which result from family feuds,

and the blessings of union, peace, and industry.—While the immediate subjects of this Romance afford this salutary lesson:—That guilt cannot prosper, that Providence never forsakes the virtuous, and that the noble mind, however oppressed by adversity, should never despond.

FINIS.

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